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The Fortunes of Flossie

Verses By Carolyn Wells
Drawings By Nell Brinkley



ONE night, 'twas Friday, the thirteenth, Flossie went all alone
To a seance of spiritists, where wonders would be shown.
She waited in the darkened room, and soon a ghostlike shape
Appeared, and frightened Flossie so she looked for an escape.

BUT as the thing materialized itself a loud knock came.
"Open this door!" a stern voice cried, "open in the law's
name!"
"Police!" they whispered, every one was full of wild alarms.
Flossie, in frantic fear, slipped out and landed—in Bill's arms!

INTO the giddy night club they quickly made their way,
And met a lot of cronies and grew quite blithe and gay.
A loud knock sounded on the door. "Police!" they cried. "A raid!"
"Oh, Bill!" moaned Flossie, "save me! I'm terribly afraid!"

BILL whispered, "We'll get out all
right. I know a secret way."
He led her down some hidden steps—
'twas near the break of day.
"I'll take you round to Pindar's—they're
rather up to snuff."
"No, thanks," said Flossie. "I'll go
home—I've had about
enough!"

(To Be Continued)

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"Rocket Express" To The Moon In 3½ Hours, Planned By Austrian Scientist

VIENNA, May 26, 1927.

THE scene is Lake Constance, in Austria. The time is early Spring of this year. Camped by the lake are a group of elderly and middle-aged men, recognizable as scientists of high reputation, including experts in astronomy, technical science, physics, chemistry and ballistics. Heading the group is Dr. Franz Hoefft, avant without appointment, scientific visionary, explorer of the universe, whose time, money and mind for the major portion of his adult life have been devoted to one subject—conquest of the mystery of space.

High above the lake can be seen an airplane. When the flying machine reaches its maximum height there will be shot from it a specially designed rocket. The rocket is a spy, a scout, the first emissary of a group. When the energy which sends it into space is exhausted it will fall back to earth. On the specially designed instruments within it may be recorded the intelligence concerning the ether which may solve many problems that have puzzled scientists since the first telescope. And if the exploratory rocket should hit any planet, perhaps the charge of explosives contained in it will give the towers all over the world, visual verification that the rocket has served its purpose.

This is the plan of Dr. Hoefft, of Vienna. A man in the office, he has been working without pause to reach the moment when his rocket will leave the plane. The rocket will be of comparatively small dimensions, carrying a quantity of museum-sulphur powder, which, according to minute calculations, should become visible when, on striking the lunar disk, it explodes.

On the possibility of bringing a projectile to lunar proximity Dr. Hoefft says: "It can be done, there is no doubt of it. As far back as 1891 I conceived the idea of helping the acceleration of a balloon by having the air sucked up in the foreground, where the atmospheric pressure is greatest, and leading the air sucked up to the rear of the balloon by means of central pipe lines."

The great handicap to a trip to the moon, which is our serious object following the experiment to be conducted at Lake Constance this Spring, is our ignorance concerning ether. We know little of it. We do know that such great scientists as Newton, Michelson and Oliver Lodge, at-

tribute to ether the most gigantic automotive energy."

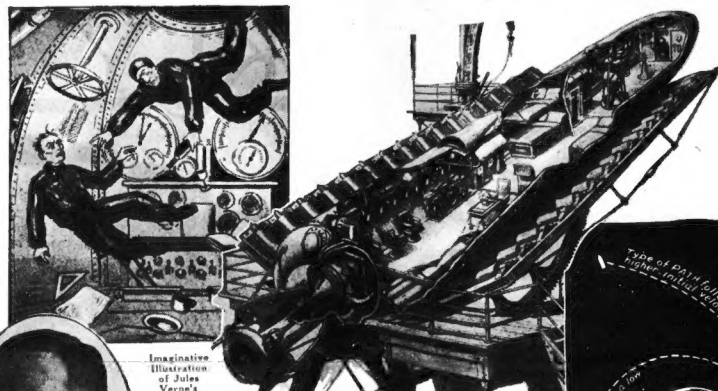
The problem, Dr. Hoefft points out, is to make the inexhaustible masses of ether tributary by means of electrical influence. If this is done he is positive he could make a trip to the moon in three and a half hours, to Venus in ninety hours, to Mars in 110 hours, to Jupiter in 138 hours and to Saturn in 200 hours.

"What our group is planning," he says, "is not a fantastic delusion, but a practical business-like proposition. We do not expect to have a passenger ship to the moon ready within a few months, although every member of our society is scientifically and mathematically convinced that in due time it will come. Just now we are devoting all our time and thought to the construction of a small machine which we will call a registration rocket; this we expect to send out into the ether early this Spring from Lake Constance."

It will not be a very large machine, it will not cost a great deal of money. It will have a filling of alcohol and oxygen. Its purpose will be to surpass the limits of height that have so far been reached. We hope to obtain by means of this machine more information than is now available of the higher regions of atmosphere.

Dr. Hoefft, of Vienna, who is planning a Registration Rocket to be Shot Into Space Toward the Moon.

of real civilization until we have done this. Not to ape the flights of birds with airplanes, not to imitate the fish in water with submarines, but to accomplish this



Imaginative Illustration of Jules Verne's Story, Showing the Travelers Beyond Gravity, Floating About Like Feathers in Their Compartment.

Interior View of a Lunar Rocket, Proposed by Scientists Several Years Ago When Prof. Goddard, of Worcester College, Was Planning an Interstellar Rocket. The "Express" Contains Sleeping Quarters, Compressed Food Compartments, Oxygen Tanks, Water Tanks, a Lighting System, Heaters, Etc.

great thing nature itself appears to have been able to produce—that is our object and our ideal.

"We do not claim to be pioneers in this project, which many will call a vain dream. In the reports of the Smithsonian Institution concerning Professor R. H. Goddard, of Worcester College, Massachusetts, in 1919, there was discussed for the first time with arithmetical calculations, the possibility of reaching universal space with a specially constructed rocket. I have exchanged correspondence with Professor Goddard. I have also had numerous communications with Professor Herman Oberth, the great Transylvanian

physicist, who was the first to treat the whole problem of constructing a rocket to reach the proximity of other planets, as-

suming the use of the most powerful source of energy at our disposal—oxy-hydrogen gas."

Asked what the principal difficulties were in the matter of his project, Dr. Hoefft said:

"Two fundamental laws govern the possibility of flying through the universal space, the laws of inertia and of gravity. Science has already taught us how to vanquish the law of gravity. We are no longer held to the earth. We can fly through our own atmosphere with machines lighter than air and heavier than air. Science had proved that the fundamental laws of mechanics apply to vacuums as well as to atmosphere. We believe it is wrong to presume that a rocket cannot move in a space void of air. The question is only whether we are in a position to take along material that commands sufficient energies."

"Oxy-hydrogen contains almost four times as many calories as gunpowder. A calculation shows that with a newly invented motor, the propulsive power of a rocket such as we are constructing can be multiplied some thirty times."

The scientists working with Dr. Hoefft have organized themselves into an organization known as the Society for Navigation in Universal Space. The first meeting of the organization was held last November at the home of Dr. Hoefft, in Vienna, and it was at this meeting that the plans were laid for the launching of the first rocket from Lake Constance this Spring.

Various Paths a Lunar Rocket Might Take. Some of Them Can Be Predetermined by the Earth's Rotation.

Another theory is that at some time in the far-distant past there existed creatures which were the common ancestors of the reptiles and birds of today; in other words, that some reptiles sprang from the same original stock, the anatomical resemblance of those two branches of the animal kingdom being thus accounted for.

There is in South America a surviving genus of bird called the "hoatzin," which has claws on its wings, and its nestlings, said they have learned to fly, use these claws to help in climbing about on trees. It is a bird because it has feathers; if it had no feathers it would be considered a reptile.

When Prof. Cutler's "reptilian fowls" were crossed with other varieties of chickens about half of the offspring are "creepers" and the other half normal. As a breed, the creepers are as good as any. About the size of the Plymouth Rock, they are not egg-producers, indifferent scratchers, and such poor flyers that they can be easily penned with a fence two feet high. They are fine setters, and very satisfactory mothers for the reason that, with their stuffling gait, they push their chicks out of the way instead of stepping on them, as ordinary hens frequently do.

Another advantage lies in the fact that the mother hen, whether she wishes to do so or not, is always in an attitude to shelter any chick that may need protection or warmth, her feathers when she stands are reaching the ground.

These crawling chicks never live to grow up. Prof. Cutler regards their deformity as "atavistic"—i. e., representing a reversion to an ancient reptilian ancestry.

It is accepted as fact that all birds are descended from reptiles. Indeed, anatomically speaking, there is no important difference between a reptile and a bird, except that the latter has feathers. Snakes and most other reptiles have scales, but scales and feathers are the same thing differently modified. "Pluck a chicken and you have a reptile," is an old saying of the biologists.

The dinosaur, which had their heyday six or seven million years ago, were not merely a species or a genus, they were a whole order of reptiles. It was an order comprising hundreds of species, of sizes all the way from eighty-five-foot monsters to quite small ones.

In sandstone quarries in the Connecticut Valley have been found many clearly defined footprints which for a long time were supposed to be those of ancient birds; but it has been proved beyond question that they were made by small dinosaurs, which, living in trees and getting about by leaping from bough to bough, eventually developed wings and feathers. Concerning the earliest known bird, Archaeopteryx (fossil found in a bed of limestone), there is some dispute as to whether it was really a bird or a reptile.

Science Breeds A New Kind Of Hen With Many Strange Peculiarities

DR. IRA E. CUTLER, professor of zoology in the University of Denver, has been making some curious experiments in the breeding of what he calls "reptilian fowls." They are a rare, though by no means unknown, variety, called "creepers."

They get the name from the fact that in walking they shuffle along on legs so short that their body feathers touch the ground. When standing erect they look as if they were sitting. Their wings also are abnormally short.

Each "dramatic" has two complete bones (tibia and fibula) extending its whole length, both being fully developed. In this respect they differ from all other breeds of fowls, and from all other birds. No other feathered creature has more than a small spout of bone to represent the fibula.

It is the creeper chicks, however, that exhibit the most freakish traits. Often one is hatched that has a peculiar outward twist of one knee, so that it walks as if it had a broken leg. Occasionally both legs are thus deformed, and the chick cannot walk at all, being unable to lift its body from the ground. In trying to follow its mother, a chick thus doubly afflicted, crawls along in the manner of a lizard, using both wings and feet for propulsion.

These crawling chicks never live to

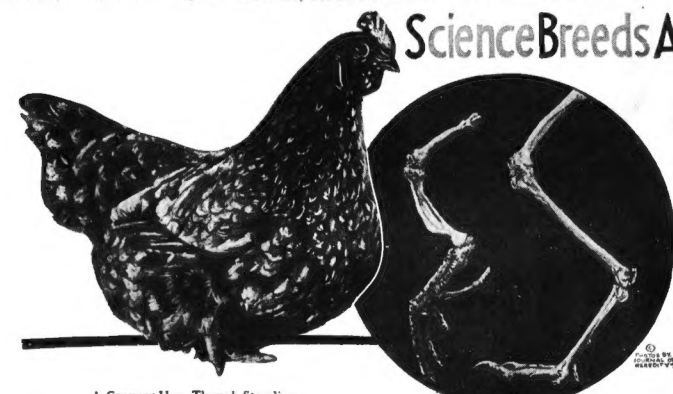
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These crawling chicks never live to



A Creeper Hen, Though Standing Erect, Appears to Be in a Sitting Posture.

Leg Bones of the Reptilian Fowl (Left) Compared With Those of an Ordinary Fowl.

Harvesting France's Swamps To Save The Fish

WHENEVER mankind runs into difficulty modern science and mechanics are called upon, and usually the problem is solved.

The latest triumph of science over Nature's pandemonium was achieved by the Society of Fish Culture in France, which has devised a way of making money for fishermen at the same time performing a life-saving public service.

The swamps of France, the Society knew, were not sterile stagnant pools. Many of them, in fact, were really beautiful lakes. The only thing wrong was that they were too shallow. Various weeds and swamp grasses were able to grow from the bottom, and this not only discouraged navigation and swimming, but kept down the fish supply. A fish does not mind drifting about under the water on a hot day, but he must have a certain amount of clear swimming when he feels like it.

If the weeds could be removed from the swamps, the engineers engaged by the society decided, France would automatically have a huge new source of fresh water fish. And at the same time the breeding places of countless malaria mosquitoes would be destroyed.

But how could the weeds be removed? The engineers puzzled over the problem for several months. The old-fashioned methods, they knew were useless. It was easy enough to take a shallow boat, or wade out and cut the grasses with a hand scythe. But this sort of cutting is only made a few inches below the surface of the water, and the next season the weeds come up stronger than ever.

Finally the scientists devised the machine shown in the photograph on this page. This machine is simply a modification of the ordinary farm harvester, and works with almost as much speed and accuracy.

The cutting knife is circular in form, much like the common meat slicer seen in butcher shops. The apparatus is placed at the front of the boat and can be raised or lowered to the proper depth. On the bottom it is convex, to prevent snagging in mud. When the cutter has been lowered to the depth desired it is rotated by means of a crank, and at the same time the boat is moved or pushed forward. The result is a clean path on the swamp bottom, just as though a lawn mower had been run over a stretch of tall grass.

After moving a row or two in this manner, the fish will be able to flourish just as they would in a normal lake.

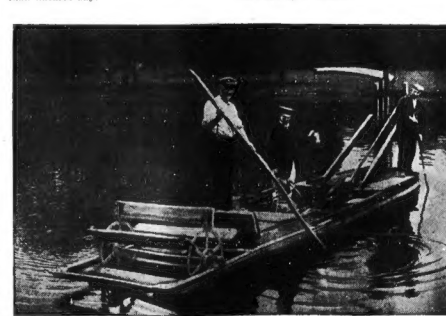
Just how much will it cost to "trim" the bottom of a lake every year? Well, if the plans of the Fish Society engineers work out according to specifications, the French country folk will get rid of their swamps and make a tidy profit in addition. There are 700 fish producing concerns in France which specialize in very select varieties of edible fish, many of which eventually reach the export market. These concerns have already obtained leases on many "white-elephant" swamps, paying the farmer generously for the privilege of pulling the grass out of his swamp and raising fish in the resultant splendid lake.

Even the by-products from the reclaim-

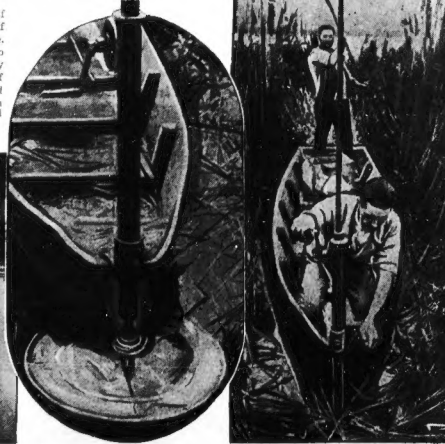
ed swamps will be of commercial value. As everyone knows there are certain chemicals in water plants which are lacking altogether in plants which take their nourishment from the ground and the air.

After the swamp grass is dried in a scientific manner, experiments proved, it made a grade of food for cattle and horses which was better in many respects than natural hay.

So thanks to the newest achievement of applied modern science, four problems of the farmer have been solved at one time. Ugly swamps have been turned into beautiful lakes, malaria has been greatly reduced at its source, the live stock of the farmer has been given a splendid new food, and the ingenious French fish companies have discovered an unexpected new source of profit.



The "Harvesting Machine." This Device Is Used to Gather In, by Means of a Paddle, the Grass Cut From Roots at the Bottom of the Lake. The "Harvest" Is Dried and Fed to Cattle.



Close-Up View of the Hand-Propelled Cutter.

The Swamp Grass Cutter in Action.

Mme. Matzenauer Stripped of Her Jewels in Court

WAL

The Grand Opera Star at Her Bankruptcy Hearing Gives Up a Rope of Pearls and Peels Off Her \$600 Wrist Watch Presented to Her as a Testimonial

MARGARETE MATZENAUER, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company and grand opera star, known in every great music centre of the world, recently appeared in the bankruptcy courts of New York City in the role of a pauper.

It was only a talking part, and to the vast public audience that the great singer had ever faced, but by no means the least attentive. They consisted of a handful of sad-looking lawyers who represented some of her 70 sad-looking creditors, ranging from Felix Warburg, philanthropist and co-mist, who lent her \$20,000, to the Western Union's claim of \$1.97.

The audience listened closely as the golden contralto voice told them that since 1913 her income had run from \$50,000 a year to \$200,000. But the gold of her voice could not be grabbed out of the air and attached for the benefit of their clients. They heard items of \$1,000 for each Metropolitan performance, \$3,500 for each of 20 concerts, \$25,000 for phonograph royalties, etc., etc.

Then the singer started to explain how it happened that she had spent all this and more, without any extravagance at all. But her audience had grown restive. Her artistic sense sensed that there was something wrong with her performance and that her audience would not keep quiet much longer. She paused to see what was the matter.

These gentlemen of the law were no musical critics, and as far as they knew, the singer was in "good voice." It was not that. What made them nervous was the same thing that would have upset David Bolzano, had he been there. Anyone would be offended to see a great artist playing the role of a pauper who had even stuck the poor Western Union for a collect telegram which she had read before remembering that she hadn't \$1.97 to pay for it.

Now a pauper, on stage or screen, even in grand opera, looks the part, clad in rags, or, at least, in the plainest garments, such as one associates with broken plaster walls and a milk bottle in the window. But this one looked like a million dollars.

From the appearance of her hair and face, one could have sworn that she was some beauty parlor ought that day to have gone on the list of creditors for a considerable sum. Then the prima donna was wearing a fur coat such as these lawyers associated with only their very wealthiest clients. Dress, stockings, slippers, everything was all wrong for the role of pauper, and there was a rope of pearls around her neck. One of the lawyers called her attention to it.

"Oh, that thing?" Mme. Matzenauer answered indifferently. "Those are just imitation. You may have them."

She handed the rope over and it passed from hand to hand until it reached one who had several pawn brokers as clients and had become something of a gem expert. Their faces fell as this connoisseur appraised the article at about \$2,500. Applied to \$50,000 worth of debts, this amount would not bring much comfort.

"Have you no other jewelry?" was asked.

The star shook her expensively coiffured head and spoke in a thrilling stage whisper:

"For three years I have gone without jewels."

Into that statement went as much feeling

ing as if she had said: "I have gone without food for forty days."

At the same time she stretched forth her arms in an eloquent gesture of manacled emptiness. That gesture was effective with all but one member of her audience, whose sharp eyes caught the glint of something under the edge of her fur cuff.

"What's that?" he inquired.

"That's only a wrist watch," explained Mme. Matzenauer, pulling up her sleeves. "It has no value."

"May we look at it?"

"Certainly!" and the singer unclipped the time-piece. It was passed at once to the expert, who stuck a little jeweller's magnifying glass in one eye, closed the other and squinted knowingly at the little jeweled thing.

"Platinum!" he exclaimed. "Madame, what makes you think it has no value?"

"Don't you see that the engraving spoils it for anyone but me?" she answered. The expert looked again and read aloud:

"Presented to Margarete Matzenauer by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, November, 1923."

I am the only woman singer the Boston Symphony ever honored in that way," the witness observed with reasonable pride, "but you see that would make it worthless for anyone else."

It was clearly their duty to discover enough assets for their clients to cover their fees, in part, at least. The expert gave the opinion that it must have cost at least \$600, and another remark that nobody could tell how much it might be worth to some admirer of the star. Therefore, they retained the watch, and, encouraged by the unexpected discovery, began to look around for more.

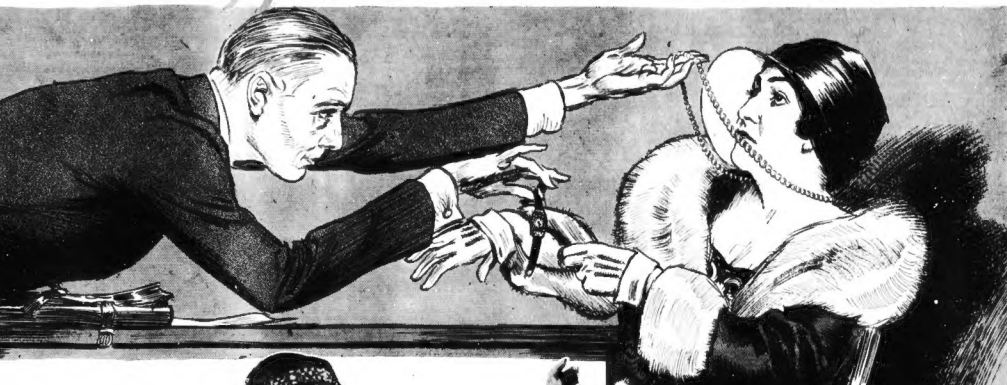
"What cost, Madame, how much did it cost?"

"I don't remember—may be \$3,000—but it's old and mucky. You don't want that."

But they courteously helped her out of it, and, after careful examination, voted that it was not so mucky. In fact, they would keep it as an asset. Then the bankruptcy surprised them by volunteering the information that she had another at her apartment that was not much worse.

They thought they would, and deputized one of their number to escort her home and salvage both garments.

Their eyes fell upon the lovely dress, but they could hardly take that off and examine it. Her custom-made slippers



The \$600 Wrist Watch Presented as a Souvenir Testimonial to Mme. Matzenauer by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mme. Margarete Matzenauer in One of Her Grand Opera Roles.

than have anything like that happen she sent his client a check.

Now, however, as far as they could see, there was no diamond garter or anything else logically snatchable, so they let the star go on and tell them where so much money had gone with nothing to show for it. They learned that just before the last Metropolitan season she had found herself dead broke in Germany and yet had paid close to \$700 to come back to New York in a luxurious stateroom on the Aquitania.

The attorney for a creditor who was owed just about that amount arose to ask if she couldn't have returned more economically, as befitted a person without a cent. The singer looked at him in astonishment.

"What? Would you expect an opera star to arrive in New York second class?" she asked, "or perhaps work her passage as a stewardess?"

The lawyer seemed to think the idea had considerable merit, but he merely asked why she didn't take a small room on a slow boat. Mme. Matzenauer explained that if she had been discovered economizing in any such way she would have been ruined. The news would have been reprinted all



Floyd Glotzbach, the Young Chauffeur-Husband of the Grand Opera Star.

Mme. Matzenauer's Rented Home at Harrison, New York.

over the world and everyone would have said:

"Matzenauer is done, through, finished, kaput, down-and-out, sunk."

No, a grand opera star must always travel like a queen, whether she has a cent or not. It was, in fact, one of her largest creditors who called the \$700. He knew it was his only chance.

Another item that seemed strange was \$100 an hour for singing teachers. Perhaps a teacher might be worth that to a beginner, but what did a finished artist want of one at any price? The lawyers learned that opera singers never stop taking lessons.

Even Caruso frequently visited his teacher until his last illness. A week on the road and a singer slips into bad habits which the teacher must quickly correct before they become serious vices.

The teacher is only one of a staff of expensive men and women who make their living from the grand opera stars.

There is the accompanist for the song bird, except two months of the year, must practice several hours a day, often to the sorrow of the neighbors. The accompanist

practices at least \$15 an hour and \$150 per request. Then there is the coach who trains the prima donna in the action and spoken lines of her part. In dramas this is done on the stage by the stage director and costs the actors nothing. A coach gets from \$25 an hour up, and there are special coaches for each operatic language—Italian, French, German.

For an operatic star, a secretary is no luxury, but an absolute necessity. All day long he must dictate to a stenographer answers to "fan" mail. The star has no time to bother with such things, yet each letter must be answered or friend will be converted into an enemy and her following will vanish. There is also her personal manager, who is supposed to do all the business planning for her and see that her own special agent

The Lawyers for Mme. Matzenauer's Creditors, Inquiring Sharply Into Her Assets, Fired Their Eyes Upon the Rope of Pearls Around the Diva's Neck and the Glistening Wrist Watch That Encircled Her Wrist—And Stripping These From the Grand Opera Star, Along With Her Fur Coat, Deposited Them Upon the Lawyers' Table.

and the other agents through whom he deals do not run their commissions from the theoretical 10 per cent to nearer 50 per cent.

There must be a maid and a dresser, too, to care for the hundreds of expensive costumes and gowns. It would be ruinous for a great artist to be seen anywhere in anything but a most expensive gown. Economy is the unpardonable sin. It is rarely committed.

Her publicity man is high salaried and also runs up huge bills for photographs and other expenses, and frequently hires an advance man. Together they spend fortunes in advertising. With so much money involved, and so many contracts made, changed and broken, there is at least one lawyer busy somewhere most every day in the year. A prima donna travels with an entourage more like royalty or a circus than like a private individual. That \$700 passage on the Aquitania was not a fair sample. Mme. Matzenauer considered it quite an economical stateroom.

The audience of lawyers soon began to wonder, not that this prima donna was bankrupt, but how any of the others had escaped. And yet she would have kept afloat had she not indulged in the luxury of marriage in 1921. Great artists are not supposed to marry, but if they must, they should at least choose princes, millionaires or fellow artists. But Mme. Matzenauer married Floyd Glotzbach, who had been her chauffeur.

This promotion from the front to the rear of her limousine, from the garret to the boudoir, did not please the public, the agents or the Metropolitan. Her income shrank and her outfit increased. Friends state that she spent \$50,000 on her chauffeur husband before she at last got rid of him. It was in that year that she borrowed from Mr. Warburg the still unpaid \$20,000. Her outfit of that dead love is:

"I picked him out of the gutter and the place where dead love is."

The damage done by that marriage was slow to be repaired. Sales of phonograph records dwindled, her price per concert dropped from \$3,500 to \$1,250, and the Metropolitan cut the number of her performances in half. Yet she could not economize, creditors tormented her, and even threatened to serve her with papers on that holy of holies, the Metropolitan stage.

So you see there was nothing to do but wipe out all those debts and start all over again," said the star in conclusion.

The lawyer audience did not applaud, but they followed the prima donna's exit into the street. They had collected a lot of information and enough real assets to perhaps pay \$200 on Mr. Warburg's \$20,000 and a cent on the Western Union's claim—but perhaps the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer to retrieve that \$500 souvenir wrist watch at its original cost and present it all over again to her. Such a graceful act would be appreciated by the diva's creditors.

Ugly Vaccination Scar That Fawn Gray Says Only \$100,000 Can Heal

MISS FAWN GRAY, American dancing girl, is accustomed to thinking only in round figures—in good round figures. She has mixed around in company where small change is non-existent. Recently she came into the spotlight when she began to appear frequently in the company of Harry K. Thaw.

She wore on her beautiful arm a gold band in which were set three rows of diamonds—124 in all—a bracelet said to be valued (in round figures) at \$10,000. Shortly after this episode Miss Gray received an offer to go to the Canal Zone and perform the dances which she specializes in. Her reported salary was (in round figures) \$1,000 a week. She was booked for Cristobal and Colon, and had performed a new dance, which is called the Voodoo Dance, for the special edification of the theatregoers in those cities. The dance is said to be done mainly in round figures.

She sailed on the Panama and Pacific liner Finland. When the ship approached Cristobal the medical officers announced that all passengers who had not been recently vaccinated against smallpox would have to be immunized before debarking. When it came Miss Gray's turn to have the serum administered she flatly refused to undergo the minor operation.

"I have been vaccinated several times by my physician, Dr. Gallagher, in New York," she informed the medical officers. She was requested to exhibit the scar which is proof of such immunization. This she refused to do.

"Cable to Mr. Gallagher and he will hear me out," she said. But the medical officers refused to do this. They delivered an ultimatum.

"Be vaccinated or go back to New York."

"But I have contracts to fulfill in Cristobal and Colon," protested the dancer. "Vaccination will not interfere with your contracts," she was told. "That is, unless you dance with your arms."

"That's it exactly," said Miss Gray. "I do dance with my arms. It's a snaky sort of dance, and I use my arms a great deal. I dance them sinuously throughout the dance. It is a sort of snake dance, you understand."

"In that case you can have no objection to being vaccinated on your thigh," was the blunt suggestion.

"But I use my thighs, too. I do not wear a great deal during the dance. It is the sort of dance," was the verdict. The steamer was in dock. Friends she had made aboard were leaving. There seemed to be nothing else she could do. Fawn submitted—but under protest. At the moment the serum was scratched into her thigh Fawn made it her business to declare solemnly:

"I protest."

Immunized by the administration of smallpox serum in the shapely limb that had posed so often from beneath the scant grass costume of a hula dancer, and had been prepared to peep more from beneath the still more scant costume of a voodoo dancer, Miss Gray left the Finland at night instead of seeking the white lights of the Canal Zone, she went at once to a hospital.

According to papers in her subsequent suit, the dancer claims that two physicians were called to treat her. What the ship's doctors had promised would be a perfectly simple little vaccination had developed into an extremely unpleasant and painful condition. A minor operation was necessary, she claims, and that, together with scratches of the ship physicians' needle, left "the only permanent scar on my body."

Upon her return to Baltimore, the terminus of the line, Miss Gray at once indicated suit against the International Mercantile Marine. She wants (in round figures) the sum of \$100,000. Only the courts can decide whether she can make good the memory of her sufferings on board

the Finland. "Coercion and intimidation" are the words she uses to describe the ship's officers' method of persuading her to undergo the vaccination. The condition which necessitated the operation was caused by "negligence, carelessness and recklessness." The operation itself, Miss Gray deposes in her papers, caused her to be "seriously and permanently injured" about her body and limbs, causing her great physical pain and anguish, making it necessary for her to expend a large sum of money for medical attention and medicine, as well as compelling her to abstain from pursuing her vocation for a time.

Miss Gray's attorney in her \$100,000 suit is J. Charles Fagin, who also represented her in a prior suit which is pending the courts. This action was for annulment of her marriage to Theodore MacFarland, a Philadelphia newspaper man. The annulment papers gave the dancer's real name as Gladys Marie Brown, daughter of a New York cartoonist. Her marriage to MacFarland, it was alleged took place after a party that began in Philadelphia and ended in New York.

It was a wonderful party. By the time it reached New York, according to Miss Gray's papers, nobody knew what it was all about. Unquestionably a marriage ceremony was performed; there is record of that. But Fawn claims that she, the groom, the witnesses, and, for all she knows, the officiating clergyman, were under the influence of liquor when the marriage took place. The next morning she had no idea that she was a married woman. It wasn't until some days later that she vaguely recalled having met Mr. MacFarland. She asked annulment on grounds of fraud, misrepresentation and deceit.

Miss Gray first came to public notice when, as a "soul girl" in New York, she played honky-tonk in dance night clubs. Hailed as the successor to Gilda Gray, she soon cut a similar figure in the life after dark, and just about the time that



Miss Gray as She Looked on Shipboard.

Broadway was talking of her friendship with Harry K. Thaw she surprised every body by her marriage to MacFarland. Now she is again before public notice, with what she says is an ugly scar that nothing can heal—except, perhaps, \$100,000.



Miss Fawn Gray in Costume, the One She Was to Wear During Her Vaudeville Engagement in Cristobal, but Which, She Says, Wouldn't Hide the Vaccination Scar.

Bloodstains on the Sidewalk That Wouldn't Wash Off

RECENTLY a great crush of people in Pomeroy, Ohio, gathered in front of the R. F. Biggs undertaking establishment to see a porous flagstone pried up from the sidewalk, broken into fragments with sledge and carried away to the village dump.

The indelible bloodstains of Pomeroy will no longer haunt the people of the town. The story dates back to August 20, 1901. It was Saturday night—pay night in Pomeroy. From the music and salt plants workmen came flocking up to buy their groceries against the coming Sunday, to spend their wages across the bar or in a card game with their associates before Monday called them back to their jobs.

Will Carter came down the street. At a corner he met Norris Harris. Harris was a brawny fellow, muscled like a prize

fighter. The two stopped, conversed for a bit and started up the thoroughfare together.

Just what started the quarrel is not clear. But as the conversation proceeded Harris became incensed at one thing or another. The voice of the pair was raised, and when they drew near the Biggs undertaking establishment, they stopped dead still and faced each other.

At the side of this building was a pile of small grindstones which the Biggs firm



The Crowd in Front of the Shop in Pomeroy Watching the Removal of the Bloodstained Flagstone.

handed. Harris seized one of the grindstones, lifted it high above his head and brought it down on the flagstone pavement with a force that shattered it into a score of pieces. Carter turned to run. Harris pursued.

In what a jury later decided was self-defense, Carter stabbed Harris, who grasped convulsively at the chest, coughed once or twice and then crumpled down. With bloodstained knife still in his hand, Carter stood staring, wondering, at the havoc he had wrought. He looked in horror at the trickle that came from the breast of his victim and had already started to stain the flagstones a deep red. Then, with a groan, he flung the knife from him and plunged into the adjoining alley.

A physician was summoned. He turned the body of Harris over, made an examination, and announced that death had been instantaneous. George Rappold, a son-in-law of Undertaker Biggs, both being in the business together, was ordered

by the authorities to take charge of the remains. With the aid of the undertaker he carried the corpse into the undertaking establishment and sent his assistants with mop and bucket to wash the stains away. All through the subsequent trial of Carter, Rappold mopped away at the bloodstains each morning in front of his place of business. The flagstone about the stains grew whiter and whiter beneath the repeated applications of elbow grease and cleaning powders, but the stains increased in intensity.

Conspicuous in their dark color, they stood out in vivid contrast to the cleaned pavement. Rappold noticed after a while that they had assumed the form of faces, and the larger one showed the side view of a man's face—nose, mouth, forehead, eye, hair—complete detail.

That peculiar development which impressed Rappold and a large part of the public, was the cause of the early morning gathering twenty-three years later, when the bloodstained flagstone was broken up and the fragments carted away.

What Happened When The Baby's Toy Gas Balloon Blew Up

ELMER JOHNSON, of San Francisco, believes in the gas life. Every Sunday morning he likes to take his little family for a ride in the family car. Usually they go to one of the beaches, enjoy a swim, a picnic on the sands, perhaps a movie. Elmer is a careful driver and has never had an automobile accident. He won't let the children go on any of the thrilling rides in the amusement parks.

But recently, after a picnic trip to the beach, Mr. Johnson and his entire family, including Uncle Al, returned from their ride looking as if they had all been rolled through a steam-crusher. Neighbors, who saw the Johnsons could hardly recognize them for the bandages which swathed their faces. In turn, they asked Johnson, Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Kerm what it was that had happened to them. They were unable to get any information. It wasn't until the following day that any news could be gotten from the Johnsons.

It appears to have been, indirectly and innocently, the fault of Uncle Albert. The family were enjoying their picnic on the beach when they were approached by a vendor who offered for sale some particularly attractive toy balloons. The boys were delighted with the looks of the balloons. Had they been ax or cap guns, knives or bean-shooters, Elmer Johnson would certainly have put his foot down, for he is a believer in the safe and sane life.

But toy balloons! Surely there was no harm in them. Uncle Al purchased one for each of the children. They had a lot of fun with them chasing them over the beach. The balloons behaved as toy balloons should. There was no inkling of danger.

Toward nightfall Elmer cranked up. The family loaded into the car and Elmer started for home. They proceeded at slow pace, for, as Elmer always used to say, "I'd rather be late than in a hospital, any day."

They were almost home when Uncle Al decided to smoke a cigarette. He stuck one in his mouth and struck a match.

There was a terrific explosion. The light had come into contact with one of the innocent toy balloons. The explosion was so great that Uncle Al, Dewey and Lloyd were blown against the side of the auto. Mr. Johnson had presence of mind enough to stop the car at once, despite his own injuries.

All were taken to a hospital and treated for severe burns. It is supposed that the toy balloons were filled with a flaming gas instead of the harmless gas usually used for such purposes.

Sharks Too Lazy To Bite

SHARKS are usually noted for their ferocity. But there is one species which is distinguished mainly for its laziness. The sloth is actually a spy and active creature compared to the so-called Nurse Shark, unquestionably the laziest fish in the sea, if not the laziest creature alive.

In the months of October and November, when the Nurse Sharks come up in shallow water, lots of them may be seen in the bays and inlets of the islands of the Caribbean Sea. They take apparently sudden siestas in the sun, lying with their backs exposed to the sun. Natives who glide by in boats hit the lazy sharks on the back without causing them to move.

There is no record of a native having been bitten by a Nurse Shark. In the first place the shark is too lazy to do it. In the second place, he has no teeth on top. He is possessed of a bottom row of teeth only, like a cow. If somebody chose to stick his hand in a Nurse Shark's mouth he might get bitten, but even that is problematical.

The laziness of the Nurse Shark is admirably illustrated by his method of hunting. He is particularly fond of lobsters, which make their homes at the mouth of sub-sea caves. Nurse Sharks will lie outside the mouth of a cave for hours, sometimes for days, waiting for the lobster to come out to be eaten. The thought of going into the cave for his dinner never occurs to this parasite of sloth.

An authority on this peculiar fish is

Philip Howell, who lives at Suc-Sac-Gay, about two miles from the west end of Utilia Island, where the sharks frequently come quite close to the beach. Frequently he has waded into the water, grabbed the sharks by their tails and yanked them ashore.

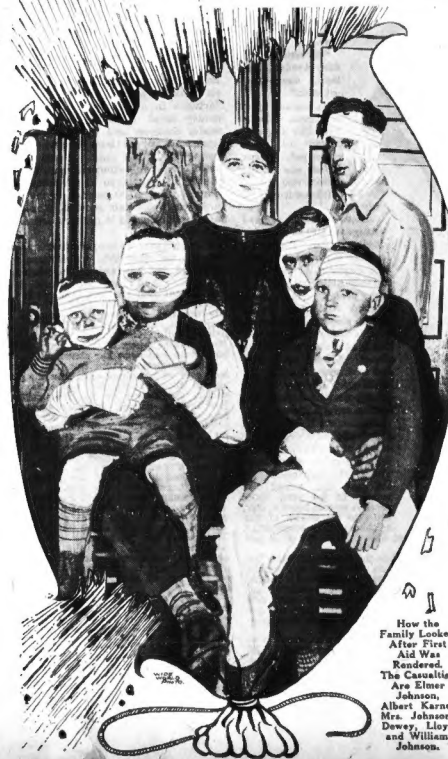
"They are the tamest sharks in the world," says Mr. Howell. "All along the shore at the west end of the island I have seen them by the dozens. I have counted as many as fifteen or twenty in a bunch on the shallow bottom. They keep under water and have their 'cobbler-knife' fin out of the water. They are close enough in for their cobbler-knife to stick out of the water and sometimes the tail. Some of them are eight, ten or twelve feet long. "These sharks have a hide and flesh that are extremely tough. You can take a harpoon and stick it in his back, but it is hard work. I have even had my harpoon rebound."

"When he comes in he backs up to the beach with his head in the sea. As long as his eyes are under water he thinks he is all right. He lies on the sand in the boiling hot sun. You can go up to him and hit him on the head with an axe, or you can go up and pull his tail. I have jumped on his back often."

"The Nurse Shark has the finest hide in the world for leather. He also has splendid oil. You can catch him with a very small hook, and all he does is to shake his head in a lazy way as you haul him right up."



The Nurse Shark, the Laziest of All Fish, Being Taken From the Water Without a Sign of Protest.



How the Family Looked After First Aid Was Rendered. The Casualties Are Elmer Johnson, Albert Kerm, Mrs. Johnson, Dewey, Lloyd and William Johnson.

Microscopic Bacteria Bred in Countless Millions, Educated to Their Tasks and Set to Work in Modern Factories to Make Foods, Varnishes, Soft Drinks, Face Lotions and Even Powerful Explosives

"When we can convert our evening papers," he said, "into sugar so rapidly that we are able the following morning to eat the albumen prepared therefrom, then we shall have solved one of the problems of the century."

As it is now it is possible to take the hay used to pack a barrel of dishes and feed the hay to the cow. If no better

What else it is needed for. Soap is made of oil or to waste in making soap. Soap was not necessary, as various kinds of cleaning materials could be substituted for it. It was not so important to have soap, as it was to have oil. Little soap was made in Germany. Glycerine was produced. In this emergency the scientists of Germany turned to their friends, the trained germ-breeders. Under the leadership of Dr. Eduard Stein, a race of glycerine-making germs was bred and improved. These germs took weak solutions of waste sugar, like molasses, and converted them into glycerine from the factories making beet sugar. This waste sugar the germs lived on, converting a portion of it into the mucous

By placing some of this "mother" vinegar in any fermented liquid, houses and breweries have found that the factories precisely the same process. I except that the mother is usually put out on the surface of the liquid. In the shipping of beerwood or other woods through which the liquid is to be converted into vinegar, the barrels are allowed to lie in the open air. In fact, all this has been known for many generations to the vinegar-makers, and to other people. No one knew that there was any mother in the vinegar.

Indeed, it was not until the days of the great French scientist, Dr. Louis Pasteur, that it was discovered that there was any kind of germs. Pasteur was trained as a physician and a chemist. He was a Frenchman, and he was a great man.

It happened, however, that the French makers of beer were troubled by a kind of disease in their beer, and they found that fermented liquids which they made, as we can had done for generations, by the same process, were not troubled by the same matter. He soon discovered the cause

whole modern knowledge of germs and the whole science of bacteriology. Not even in America, since the advent of prohibition, for the industrial alcohol industry, and which is growing rapidly in use in so many other industries, is still necessary to resort to the use of the original discovery of Pasteur.

Other food products receive contributions from the science of germs. Many kinds of cheese require the use of just the right kind of germ to produce the proper flavor. The reason why there is such a variety of cheese is due to the use of its full perfection of flavor only in one certain cave in France is because of the use of a certain kind of germ, a certain kind of bacteria. It is not to take kindly to life anywhere else.

Another example is the famous Bulgarian drink in such great quantities and which the Russian scientist, Dr. Klinkoff, has shown to be so very healthful to human beings and useful

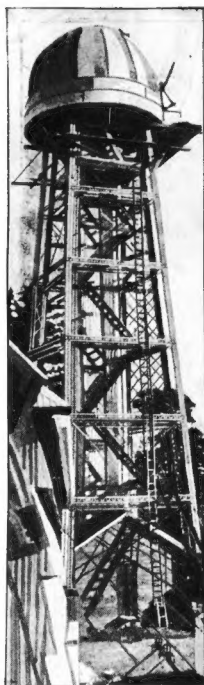
When the presence of germs everywhere is considered, how quickly and how easily they grow, and since all animals that live in the soil and all the plants that are common, as the wood, trees and grass, have many different kinds of germs that they take up from the soil, it is not surprising that from artificial fat to solvents for most materials, and even for the most valuable varnish, it seems not impossible to find a germ that will grow and eat the plants and animals first.

Perhaps they would have done but for the fact that the germs that first do all the work and to raise all the food. Now, after centuries of domestication, the plants and animals that begin with the germs. Just as machinery has changed so vastly the needs of man, and as the science of germs is sure to change other needs, perhaps still more vastly and more rapidly, we are not far from the time prophet would dare now to predict

Millions of years ago the world's history, long before any creature in the last like man had been evolved by the developing life of the earth, has the development of tiny germs in the swamps and marshes of the world. The water of these swamps contained, as swamp water still does, small amounts of iron. The germs took out this iron, converted it into iron ore, formed the deposits of that ore which we mine and use today. Geologists expect that very little of the world's iron ore, if any of it, would be in evidence and available for use were it not for the long-forgotten activity of these billions on billions of germs that lived back in the earth's youth.

When the presence of germs everywhere is considered, how quickly can they grow, what can they do with materials, they will soon appear in a new light. For example, as the wood of trees—and how many different kinds of trees—can be made into a variety of things from artificial fat to solvents for automobile varnish, it seems not impossible that man may be able to learn from eating the plants and animals first.

Perhaps they would have done better if they had been able to make them do all the work and to raise all the food. Now, after centuries of domestication, plants and animals are beginning with the germs. Just as machinery has changed so vastly the needs of man, and man's manipulation of germs is sure to change other needs, perhaps still more vastly and in ways that not even the wisest prophet would dare now to predict.



The Imposing 65-Foot Telescope Tower at Mount Wilson Observatory, California, Where the Eclipse Will Be Observed.

Ready to Photograph the Two Eclipses

THE huge telescopes at Greenwich, England, and at Mt. Wilson, California, are being made ready for the unusual opportunities to be afforded astronomers during the month of June, when two eclipses occur. On June 15 there will be a total eclipse of the moon. Two weeks later, on June 29, there will be a total eclipse of the sun. Moreover, on June 29, the famous Pons-Winnecke comet will be within 3,500,000 miles of the earth, as was stated in these columns last Sunday.

The preparations to photograph the solar eclipse are being superintended at Greenwich by Sir Frank Dyson, astronomer royal of England. One of the most remarkable of the instruments to be used is a telescope camera, 45 feet in length. In connection with this there is used also an instrument called the eolohat, which reflects the sun's disc, reduced to a diameter of five feet, on to a photographic plate. Another instrument to be used in the observations and photographs of the sun at Greenwich is the Altazimuth, or altitude machine, which determines the altitude of heavenly bodies.

The Mt. Wilson Observatory boasts the greatest telescope in the world. Its lens alone weighs over four tons and is 100 inches in diameter. By means of this telescope the diameter of stars so distant that they appear but points of light is measured.

An idea of the great power of the Mt.

Wilson telescope may be had from the fact that Professor Edwin Hubble recently studied, by means of it, some of the nebulae of the island universes beyond the Milky Way and outside the stellar system,

nearly five quintillion miles from the earth. Five quintillion miles is approximately one million light years, so that a ray of light from one of these nebulae, in spite of the fact that light travels at the

rate of 186,000 miles per second, would take a million years to reach the earth.

The great Mt. Wilson telescope was designed by the noted engineer, F. G. Pease, who has completed designs for a mammoth telescope three times the size of the Mt. Wilson instrument, to cost \$12,000,000, by means of which island universes five hundred million light years distant may be brought to the sight of mortal eyes.

Already, with the Mt. Wilson Observatory telescope, astronomers have been able to photograph stars three million light years away. A special study will be made this month of the "Black Horse of Orion," 140,000,000,000 miles long, which is believed by scientists to be formed either of material for new worlds or debris of old ones.

A strange phase of the work of the astronomers is that in observing the most distant of the nebulae, such as Dr. Hubble studied when he trained the Mt. Wilson telescope on the island universes, they are witnessing scenes and events which really happened in past ages. Recent history is on its way traveling with the speed of light, but only a daring prophet would expect to be able on earth to receive it. The island universes, or, as they are called, the extragalactic nebulae, can be classified only in a geological time scale. The nearest of them all, the Magellanic clouds, are photographed in the light that left them more than 100,000 years ago.



Giant Telescopic Camera, 45 Feet Long, Which Will Record the Eclipses From Greenwich. The Reflection of the Sun Seen Here Is Diminished to Five Feet in Diameter on the Focusing Glass.

The Most Beautiful Eyes In Paris, Say The Art Students

PARIS, May 28.

THE art students of Paris are noted for the unconventionality of their annual fetes, in which the models participate, frequently appearing in the same garb they wear in the studios. There is usually a beauty contest among the models. This is what draws the crowds to the affairs.

This year a change came over the artists. Perhaps they were fed up on trying to compete with the various cabarets and revues, in which the principal nature was always the nudity of the girls who played in the entertainments. Whatever the cause may have been, a wave of propriety seemed to have swept over the students, and they announced that the feature of their fete was to be a contest to determine which of the artists' models of Paris had—the most beautiful eyes.



Mlle. Vivian Heribelle, Who, Art Students Say, Possesses the Most Beautiful Eyes in Paris.

A committee of prominent Parisian artists decided that the winner of this extraordinary (for art students) contest was Mlle. Vivian Heribelle. Attendance at the ball, however, fell down considerably. The general public seemed to think that it was possible to see beautiful eyes without paying to attend the artists' ball. Whereupon the students challenged all Paris to produce a more beautiful pair of eyes than the lovely orbs possessed by Mlle. Vivian.

Attempts were made to inaugurate a series of contests in the various branches of industry and art, including show girls, milliners and mannikins, to wind up with a grand tournament in which a select group of authorities would select the girl with the most beautiful eyes. But plans fell through. Thus far Mlle. Vivian holds the title by default.

Unusual Photograph of the "Black Horse of Orion," 140,000,000,000 Miles Long, Which Science Says Is Composed of Material for New Worlds, or Debris of Past Ones.

Curious "Medicines" of the Karen Tribe

ALMOST every primitive and savage tribe possessed their medicine man. The Karen people of Burma, however, claim to have the champion medicine man of the world. Their curatives are frowned upon by the medical profession, but they claim the medicines are tried and tested and challenge scientific investigation.

Their methods of manufacturing the medicines are unusual, to say the least.

They collect water from their foreheads, mix it with native oils, chillies and deca-dent fish, and make it into pills, which they guarantee will dissolve all the swellings or reduce them, provided the patient does not eat anything sour or touch anything made of iron. Directions or the applications are very specific.

The Karens use human milk for eye-drops, rhinoceros blood for "that run-down" feeling, anemia, and paint everybody suffering from any trouble whatsoever. It is a dazzling covering, but it is a sure-cure for everything from car-sore to cholera. The paint is yellow.

Home-kingley, noted African explorer and author, describes some of his experiences with Karen medicines during a recent visit to Burma.

"For measles," says Mr. King-ley, "water with various kinds of diseased dirt is considered an effective specific. Those who have fevers are cautioned not to drink water or bite into fruit. Such an act is regarded as a sure cause of death under these circumstances."

One of his most interesting experiences was when he received a visit from a blind Karen, who told him the following story:

"It was like this. Two years ago I had the fever and my head was hot and my stomach was hot, but my feet were cold. One day I felt a little worse than usual and discovered that the cold wind in my feet was gradually working its way up. It came up and up till it came to the hot wind in my stomach. There it made a terrible noise and I thought I would die for sure. But presently it went up and up, right through my neck and over my head, and then settled in my right eye. I've been blind ever since."

"I wish you could give me some medicine that would get that hot wind and the cold wind down toward my feet again. I suppose you have a complete lot of wind medicines."

"I tried to explain," said Mr. King-ley, "that we had many medicines and thought that we knew quite a lot about nursing human life, but we had nothing that would make hot and cold winds behave in that way. The poor fellow had a complicated blindness, and though I tried to explain it to him, he went away very much disappointed, for he was sure that it was wind medicine that he needed most."

"Such is a fair sample of the simplicity of the hill people and their queer medicines."

Arctic Owls Flee From Plague

TWO strange birds flew into a tree near Riverside, just outside of New York, the other day, and for several hours rested wearily on a limb. The birds looked like owls, but were almost pure white in color and had no spread when they stretched their wings, of more than five feet. Within a few minutes quite a crowd had gathered, and before long the presence of the queer birds had been reported to the New York Zoological Park. Officials there had no difficulty in identifying the unusual birds as snowy Arctic owls, which are common in the Arctic region but very rare in temperate climates.

The next day the phone at the Zoological Park rang regularly. Subordinates all over New York State, it seemed, were seeing clouds of strange white birds. Wireless messages came in from ships at sea. White owls were swimming from nowhere and alighting on the rigging of ships as far as 100 miles from the coast.

Before long shooting of the strange birds was going on all over the New York State and other districts near New York. For some reason or other it was apparent that thousands of white owls, which normally live around the Arctic Circle, had suddenly decided to spend a season in the United States.

The principal food of the Arctic owl is an animal called the lemming, which is a small mouse-like rodent inhabiting the

North in great numbers. But, unfortunately for the hungry white owls, the lemming is a restless little creature. When it tires of one home, or there are too many owls for comfort, lemmings will, almost over-night, migrate by the thousands to more congenial surroundings.

That, naturalists believe, is what has happened in the far North. The lemmings, for years the principal food supply of the huge owls, at last rebelled and fled to a hiding place which the owls were not able to find.

Of course the owls had other sources of food. What happened to them? The northern hares, which have always been considered an acceptable meal by the owls, disappeared in still another manner. Both rabbits and grouse, which also are legitimate food for owls, are subject to periodic epidemics of disease. Early this year a strange plague swept over the northern Canadian districts, in which hares and grouse were most abundant. They died off rapidly, and where an owl used to be able to count on at least one rabbit a day, the most wide-awake owl had a hard time catching one square meal a week.

The epidemic which swept over the rabbits and grouse, naturalists believe, was probably the main reason for the sudden flight of the lemmings. When other food disappeared the poor lemmings found themselves the only item on the owl menu, and it is easy to understand why the survivors suddenly dashed off in a body.

Why Platinum Is Worth More Than Gold—Hard to Get and Not Much of It

SPECIMENS of primitive pieces of platinum jewelry recovered from ancient graves in Central America have confirmed the opinion of science that platinum is the most permanent of all metals and is not affected by moisture or the elements for centuries. The most delicate designs in platinum in these old trinkets have retained their original perfection for ages. And in dental work platinum is of great value, because it is not affected by the acids and secretions of the mouth.

Platinum is now more precious than gold or any other metal, but in earlier

times it was not valued and was sometimes regarded as a nuisance.

Platinum first came to the notice of the civilized world when the Spaniards found the natives of Mexico and Panama using it. But the Spaniards were busy hunting for gold, and noticed little or nothing of the much. In fact, platinum was regarded as a dangerous metal, because it was used to counterfeit gold, and its importation into Europe was forbidden. Being as heavy as gold, it was easily mistaken when covered with a coating of the yellow metal.

The natural qualities of platinum for making jewelry was finally recognized by the Spaniards, who used it for snuff boxes, sword and dagger hilts and other things.



A \$30,000 Lump of Broken Platinum-Bearing Rock.

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The prehistoric platinum jewelry found in Central American tombs is extremely interesting and of bewildering variety in designs, showing that the old metal workers of a thousand years or more ago were as highly skilled on this continent as they were in ancient Egypt at its best period.

The finest examples of antique platinum jewelry have been found in Ecuador. The ancient metal workers hammered the platinum into extremely thin sheets and then worked it up into endless varieties of ornaments—nose, ear and cheek adornments or trinkets to be worn upon dresses. The platinum was not often combined with rolled gold.

The high price of platinum, which now greatly exceeds the price of gold, is due to

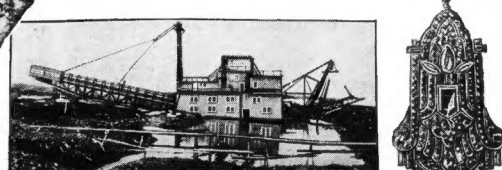
the fact that there are so few sources of supply and because of the world-wide demand for it in jewelry and in dentistry and the commercial world.

The crude ore is in a coarse gravel form which appears dull and unimpressive. But its great weight makes it easy to detect platinum ore from any other gravel or ore. After the first refining process, the metal comes out in a dark, dull color. The porous, porous metal is then pressed into round disks about the size of the conventional fish cake.

Example of Modern Platinum Setting.



Primitive Specimens of Platinum Jewelry Recovered From Ancient Graves in Central America, Which Have Not Tarnished or Changed in Centuries.



Patiently Dredging Tons of Sand to Recover the Minute Deposits of Platinum.

So He Shot Pretty Gisele

Betrayed by a Telltale Photograph on the Beach Sands,
the Deceived Husband Brings to a Tragic
End an Unusual
Romance



The Photograph That Betrayed Gisele.
The Figure in the Foreground Is Not a Gentleman With Small Feet, but
the Boyish Gisele Cauguy, Who Is Amusing Herself by Applying
to M. Georges Bracher's Shoulders a Sunburn Preparation.

WHEN Prince Carol of Rumania packed his 129 trunks and skipped out of Bucharest, leaving a disconsolate and angry Greek Princess and his prospects of a throne behind, he did not, everyone knows, come to Paris for his health—or on diplomatic mission—nor for any other affair of state. He came with the beautiful and hippant Mme. Lupescu, wife of one of his royal father's subjects, with whom he lived until recently in the delightful Parisian love nest of the Avenue du Neuilly.

A special weekly code seems to apply to the private morals of princes. Whether moralists care to recognize the fact or not, the bright world which concerns itself with the doings of royalty is indulgent to the romantic caprices of a youth whose destiny is a throne.

Only as a problem in court ethics has the latest romance of the royal Rumanian seepage anything to do with the tragic occurrences which last week dissolved the partnership of Cauguy and Patat in the famous Faubourg St. Honore fashion house of "Germaine Patat et Cie." Prince Carol, of course, did not press the trigger of the gun which emptied its six cartridges into the fair body of young Gisele Cauguy. It was no concern of his if a young French husband gave a fatal twist to the little clandestine romance which had amused the idle hours of young Gisele Cauguy, a member of Carol's small circle of courtiers who shared his Paris exile with him.

The Paris press, ferreting out the true causes of the crime of jealousy of which poor little Gisele Cauguy was victim, has dared to pronounce the Prince's august name and, more, has revealed the movement in favor of the deportation of the choice collection of royal elites whose transplanted persons are focal points in Paris of various disturbances of the civic peace.

Gisele, lovely and talented partner and designer in the firm of Germaine Patat et Cie, was popular with the Parisians—the typical "child of the Faubourg," so appealing to the French imagination. Sydney Cauguy, her husband, was a man of a moment of jealous rage, ended her life and ruined the structure of business success on which the young pair had patiently collaborated, is another figure drawn for popular sympathy.

He was born in Algeria of prosperous French colonial parents. He saw adventurous service, first as a scout of one of the famous Franco-Moroccan divisions, then as an artilleryman at Verdun, and, wounded but not disabled, he continued active service, as an interpreter at the line of juncture of British and French forces.

He was hospitalized a second time. Weakened by his wounds, totally unfit for the arduous services which he insisted upon performing, he fell victim to the dreaded battlefield disease, paratyphoid. This time, his convalescence was long and precarious.

him sufficient reason for living again. Gisele Robert had nursed a thousand stricken men back to health. Until this emaciated boy came under her charge she had performed her noble wartime duty, animated by no more mastering emotion than the one of universal pity which is common to the majority of nurses. Now it was different. The hunger that was in the eyes of patient Cauguy was reflected in hers.

He typed a list of all the "Roberts" in the Paris directory, and he started out to pay a thousand visits, all to strangers who had to answer one question: "Have you a daughter, Gisele, who was nurse in 1917 at Vichy?"

At the end of two weeks he found himself in the drawing room of an apartment in the Rue Villeuve, speaking to a white-haired lady in widow's weeds whose name, "Mrs. Helene Robert," was well down in his list. And his search was ended.

"Gisele," smiled his hostess, "is in London. And you, young man, are without a doubt, Lieutenant Sydney Cauguy—the handsome, distinguished, peerless, unique Lieutenant Cauguy, 'le chef de pat'!" The young editor found himself approved in advance. Gisele's mother immediately approved his eager plan to have her daughter return at once to Paris where, while the lover argued his case, she could have a job at the factory at least as good as whatever she had found in England.

And at the end of the Summer Sydney and Gisele were married. In the intervening time the engaged pair had debated a project on which they finally agreed, as being a happy combination of their compatible interests and affections.

Gisele inherited her dowry in the Paris dressmaking firm of Germaine Patat et Cie, while Sydney became its manager, having sold his oil business.

After a honeymoon during which the industrious lovers acquired and put in operation at the Riviera resort, Cannes, and at the exclusive old seaside resort, Paris-Plage, two branches of the Germaine Patat firm the couple settled down in Paris to a future which assured unclouded happiness and prosperity.

At this point in the idyl of Gisele and Sydney the story begins. Georges Bracher had, once been expelled from France as a war profiteer. M. Bracher was struck by Gisele's beauty. However, their first interview turned on practical affairs. M. Bracher wanted to "sign" and "generalize" "France-Publicity," the contract for the great advertising campaign which, rumor



Mme. Gisele Cauguy, the Murdered Wife.

had it, the firm of Germaine Patat et Cie, was about to launch.

"It is true," confirmed the practical Gisele, "that we propose such a campaign. What special inducements can you offer?" "That," smiled the Roumanian, "is something it will take me several visits to explain."

If Sydney's had been a jealous or suspicious nature, he would have taken warning from the enthusiasm with which on his return Gisele praised the business and social attainments of the new Roumanian advertising expert with whom, in his absence, she had entered into business relations.

But all the saleswomen and mannikins in the Paris establishment had gossiped about Gisele and her Roumanian for many months before Sydney experienced his first doubt.

It seemed that M. Bracher must have countless conferences with Gisele, "so that he could understand the business from top to bottom." And it seemed that trips to the two branches in Paris-Plage and Cannes—trips undertaken by Gisele with the gallant M. Bracher—were likewise of prime importance to the success of the astounding advertising campaign which he had in mind.

"And just this," faltering, added Gisele. "While we are in Cannes, M. Bracher is going to have me meet Prince Carol of Rumania and Mme. Lupescu, his beautiful friend, and perhaps we shall get an order for the whole of Mme. Lupescu's wardrobe!"

"M. Bracher is very kind," agreed Sydney, and drew another fat check on the company's funds, for "Home-Publicity expenses."

With the money the husband thus advanced, Gisele and her "publicity agent" galvanized off to Cannes in state. The



M. Sydney Cauguy Guarded by One of the Jailers of La Sante Prison.

first check was soon spent. Gisele had made her entry into the social circle grouped about Prince Carol and his beautiful sweetheart, and was finding the duty of keeping pace with a Prince and the lady of his left hand an expensive one.

From Cannes, and with still another check from Sydney in her purse, Gisele went to Paris-Plage, followed by the faithful M. Bracher. She rented a bungalow on the sands of the aristocratic Normandy beach resort and established herself for a long stay.

Sydney began to wonder what the "situation" was with which the excessively cautious M. Bracher was making himself so "thoroughly familiar." Moreover, he once or twice surprised a group of the mannikins in the Faubourg St. Honore establishment whispering and giggling over some private joke of which he seemed to be the butt.

In Paris-Plage Gisele and M. Bracher were seen everywhere together. He was her escort at the afternoon tea shops on the esplanade, where the fashionable force-gathered for gossip and to show their new clothes. He accompanied her to the Casino evenings. The couple were seen together every morning on the beach at bathing hour.

And one morning the indiscreet photographer of the local gossip sheet, "Sur la Plage," roving up and down the beach in quest of good "shots" for the forthcoming number, turned his lens on an interestingly intimate couple and pressed the trigger. The fashion of the season was in favor of good coats of tan. Vacationers whose skins did not readily color under exposure to the sun's rays, it was discovered, could hurry the natural process by covering their arms, legs and shoulders with a special preparation of vaseline.

Gisele demonstrated the trick to her clients in Paris-Plage. And the cameraman had caught her at a moment when, with perhaps too great a show of comradery, she was giving a private demonstration of the artifice to her constant companion and escort, the faithful M. Bracher.

In Paris, hoping to find in its pages a bit of news of his darling, the lens photographer was so slow in transmitting Sydney picked up a copy of "Sur la Plage" and

"Bonjour, Sydney," she greeted her husband as her eye quickly noted the pistol in his hands. Calmly drawing off her gloves, without the faintest portrayal of fear, although she knew that she probably had only a moment or two to live, she continued:

"I see that you know my plans. Let's wind up our affairs—then I shall disappear and never bother you again."

She did not cry out when her husband took up the pistol. He spoke the two words, "Adieu, Gisele."

Then he emptied the six bullets in the gun into his wife's body.

stunned, passed over the chance enaphant which showed him graphically just how his wife and his publicity agent were conducting their conference on the publicity campaign for "Germaine Patat et Cie."

He took the first train for Paris-Plage, ordered his wife to pack immediately, and conducted her back to Paris the next day.

For several months M. Bracher was seen no more in the salons of the Germaine Patat establishment, and Sydney breathed relief. His wife had been unwise—no worse. And he flattered himself that he had interfered in time.

The employees of the firm, on the occasion of last New Year's Eve, arranged for a big celebration, for which they hired all the tables in a Montmartre night club. Sydney was present, with his pretty, smiling wife on his arm. They took their places and Sydney looked around the room, smiling greetings to the friends he saw at every table.

Suddenly his smile vanished. He had discovered Bracher seated in a corner. During the rest of the evening he kept quiet watch. He affected a gay and careless air as he deliberately crossed to Bracher's table and greeted his rival. He still smiled gently and courteously when presently Bracher bowed over Gisele's hand, kissed it, and gallantly asked the young wife for a dance. Ten minutes later, M. and Mme. Cauguy suddenly left.

Once again, when they were back in their home at No. 7 Avenue du President Wilson, Gisele found arguments to convince and overcome the suspicions of her unusually credulous husband. "You don't understand the manners of these extravagant Roumanians," she declared. "It doesn't mean anything!" The young couple enjoyed another ten days of comparative peace. Then, one afternoon in the office of the establishment at No. 11 rue du Faubourg St. Honore, Gisele suddenly dropped her work and put on her hat and coat.

"I'll go home and lie down. Be an angel, Sydney, and finish up this batch of letters for me, will you?"

Sydney found that Gisele had left an unusually large pile of unsigned letters for him to read, approve and seal. The job held him glued to his desk for another two hours. He hastened through the day's work and, grabbing hat and coat, flew for home, stopping at a pharmacy to get a vial of Gisele's favorite headache remedy.

In the staircase of the apartment building in the Avenue du President Wilson he collided with M. Bracher. The Roumanian saluted and brushed by him with a mumbled and embarrassed, "Good day." At last Sydney had reached the end of his patience and credulity. "Bracher has been with you again," he entered his wife's room with the charge on his lips.

And, at last, Gisele saw that a lie would no longer serve. She rose from the disordered bed and drew her negligee about her.

"Well, then, yes, you've guessed right," she cried. "I love him and he loves me! What are you going to do about it?"

Sydney lunged from the room and Gisele heard the outer door slam. She waited another hour and then flew to her trunk. That evening she was installed in a boarding house in the rue Villeuve, just in a room which Bracher had rented for her.

She mailed her resignation to the establishment in the rue du Faubourg St. Honore.

"I shall come to my desk next week," she wrote, "to clean up all pending business. Please try to avoid for me any encounter with M. Cauguy."

The letter was opened and read by her husband. On the appointed day, having made all preparations to elope with M. Bracher to Cannes, Gisele entered the building at No. 11 rue du Faubourg St. Honore for the last time. She let herself into the private office—M. et Mme. Cauguy—with her latch key, and caught her breath. Sydney was sitting at her desk and a pistol was the only ornament on its polished surface. She hesitated, but Gisele's faults did not include cowardice.

"Bonjour, Sydney," she greeted her husband as her eye quickly noted the pistol on his desk. Calmly drawing off her gloves, without the faintest portrayal of fear, although she knew that she probably had only a moment or two to live, she continued:

"I see that you know my plans. Let's wind up our affairs—then I shall disappear, and never bother you again."

She did not cry out when her husband took up the pistol. He spoke two words: "Adieu, Gisele."

Then he emptied the six bullets in the gun into his wife's body.

The minimum sentence under the French law—five years—on reformations at the discretion of the Court—probably awaits the well-groomed and intelligent prisoner, who up to the day of her arrest on a charge of murder.

Mussolini's Ambitious Plan to Reveal to the World the Daily Life of the Wealthy Families of Pompeii's Sister City, Which Was Suddenly Buried Under 80 Feet of Volcanic Mud in 79 A. D.



ROME, May 16.

WORK has just begun on Prime Minister Mussolini's great new plan to excavate the buried city of Herculaneum entombed by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D., at the same time as Pompeii.

Strange to say, on the very day that work was formally started at Herculaneum, Vesuvius began to spit flame and hurl masses of lava fifty feet out of the central cone. But the proceedings still

It will be necessary to move a whole town and dig away eighty feet of mud before the wonders of Herculaneum can be fully revealed.

There is strong evidence that more masterpieces of Greek and Roman art will be found at Herculaneum than in any other known place.

"One single villa excavated at Herculaneum in the eighteenth century," says Sir Charles Walston, the highest authority on the subject, "has yielded greater treasure in original ancient bronzes and ancient manuscripts than the excavations of Athens or Rome, Olympia or Delphi, Alexandria or Pergamon."

Herculaneum was far richer in art treasures than Pompeii. It was an extremely wealthy, cultured city, a favorite resort of the greatest Roman families, whereas Pompeii was a place of commerce and amusements, full of cheap wine shops, theatres and low schools of amusement.

Pompeii was lightly covered with burning ashes from Vesuvius. Herculaneum was burned eighty feet deep in liquid mud which sealed the remains up hermetically. Many writers of the past have said that it was covered by lava, but the best authorities say it was mud.

The lighter covering of Pompeii permitted the infiltration of water and air and consequent destruction, whereas Herculaneum has been sealed up for twenty centuries. The catastrophe arrested the life of the ancient community in its full vigor, and there it remains today like a stage scene to be brought to light again.

Only a trifling area of Herculaneum has been excavated. A large town, Resina, has grown over the site for centuries, and it will be necessary for the government to pull down considerable parts of this

When Herculaneum was overwhelmed by the mud torrent there was no opportunity to save the valuables, as happened in many cases at Pompeii. They are all there now. The statues remain on their bases or are found in close proximity. Citizens died in their homes. Those citizens who escaped or happened to be away could not return and dig through the eighty feet of mud to recover their property.

Herculaneum was not, like Pompeii, gradually covered by the rain of ashes, blasting for days; the torrent of mud came suddenly and enveloped everything. The plastic mass became a kind of matrix, covering and preserving the forms it enveloped. Gradually it penetrated the houses, and in these, gently, without breakage, it filled up the interior, preserving the articles of furniture and decorations, even the food, from undue pressure and from the corroding influence of moisture and chemical disintegration.

The bronzes from Herculaneum in the Museum at Naples have the most delicate patina preserved with a freshness almost as if they were new. They have found glass from Herculaneum that is not melted, marble that is not charred, rolls of manuscript that can still be read.

One villa of great importance has been excavated at Herculaneum, known as the Villa Suburbana. Hundreds of others equally interesting lie awaiting discovery beneath the mud.

A black and white illustration depicting a dramatic scene in a grand, classical interior, likely a temple or a public hall in Herculaneum. The room is characterized by tall, fluted columns and a high ceiling. In the center, a man in a white, flowing robe stands on a raised platform, gesturing with his right hand. He is surrounded by a large group of people in various states of distress and collapse. Some individuals are lying on the floor, while others are slumped over or in the process of falling. The scene conveys a sense of chaos and tragedy, consistent with the historical account of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The illustration is framed by a decorative, oval border.

**This Striking Painting by Thomas Couture Shows a Scene of Revelry
Such as May Be Uncovered in Old Herculaneum. Feasts Like This
Undoubtedly Were in Progress When the Gay City's
Residents Were Buried Alive.**

maintained, with the support of an impressive mass of evidence, that this villa was probably that of the famous L. Capurnius Piso, the father-in-law of Julius Caesar and the adversary of Cicero, against whom one of the famous orations of the great Roman orator is directed.

of the great Roman orator is directed. The great Calpurnius Piso was, in spite of his library and his philosophic tendencies, as vicious as any man in that splendid but licentious age. There must have been many extravagant and voluptuous tapestries in that wonderful villa at Herculaneum, when the rarest wines the world could produce were consumed in exquisite goblets, some of which have been recovered from the buried villa.

Beautiful women and haughty Roman matrones, commanding the resources of the known world, reclined on gold and velvet couches and drank and feasted to the music of lutes and splashing fountains. It is recorded that Julius Caesar, even before he was dictator, gave a single pearl costing \$300,000 to a lady whose conversation pleased him at dinner.

The magnificent Calpurnius of Her-
culaneum, was the father of the beautiful
Calpurnia, who became Julia Caesar's
third wife after he had divorced Pompeia
with his famous epigram:
"Caesar's wife should be above sus-
picion."

Perhaps the mighty Caesar courted his third wife in this very villa. She had need of virtue and patience, for after he married her Julius became entangled with "the serpent of old Nile"—Cleopatra. What a catastrophe when this palace of luxury and revelry was suddenly buried in mud and ashes!

Fortunately Calpurnius possessed an artistic taste of great versatility. There is hardly a period of Greek art which, from the finds made in that villa, is not represented by some striking specimen in most perfect preservation. These works range from the beginning of the fifth century B. C., through the glorious age of Pericles, onward through the fourth, the

Pericles, onward through the fourth century B. C., when Scopas and Praxiteles eternalized Hellenic grace, through the vigorous age of Alexander the Great, into the decline ushered in by his followers in the East, until the Greek spirit is reflected in the Greco-Roman art of the Empire and maintains its spirit in portraiture—the whole of the broad current of art checked, blocked and preserved under the volcanic cover of Vesuvius' disastrous eruption in

From the scores of perfect works found in this villa, the wonderful Dancing Maidens, six in number, are life-size bronzes in most perfect preservation. They are the most perfect specimens of Greek art in that half of the fifth century B. C. They have a certain quaintness of reserve, if not restraint, in pose and in technique which belongs to the earlier period, merging into the natural grace of the higher

The transition from the fifth to the fourth century B. C. is illustrated by youth's head in bronze, while the work of Scopas is well represented by the marble bust showing the treatment of eyes characteristic of that artist.

The Praxitelean style is brought home to us in the beautiful draped female figure of life-size marble. The art of Lysippus is adequately conveyed in the seated

Hermes or Mercury, a most perfect life-size bronze showing in the preservation of the patina or polish the marvelous preservation of objects coming from Herculaneum.

Among the numerous Roman portraits of the fourth century the most interesting is a life-size bronze, commonly called Seneca, but believed by Comparetti to represent the great and luxurious M. Calpurnius Piso himself, which shows most fully how the high spirit of Greek art is expressed in Roman sculpture.

Conspicuous among the pictures is one representing the "Knucklebone Players" which brings home to us more adequately than the best of mural paintings from antiquity the grace and charm of Greek painting. It is probable they will find at Heracleum some of the original panel pictures by the great painters of ancient Greece, which will make many students that Greek painting stood on the same level of excellence as did Greek sculpture.

It is important to bear in mind that all the finest works in the museum of Naples, especially the bronzes, came from Herculaneum and not from Pompeii.

"What was most striking is the marvelous preservation of these works," says Sir Charles Walston. "This fact of itself ought to counteract the strange but wide spread misapprehension that, while Pompeii was covered with cinders and ashes, Herculaneum was covered with lava, and that the hardness of that material made excavation difficult if not impossible. All geologists and archaeologists of note are agreed that no lava issued from the eruption of 79 A. D."

The state of preservation of these manuscripts is illustrated by one specimen, giving two pages from the works of the philosopher Philodemus. While his taste

The Modern City of Resina Will Be Removed and the Volcanic Mud Will Be Shoveled Away by Order of Premier Mussolini of Italy to Bring to Light the Ruins of the Ancient City of Herculaneum.



Archaeology of Athens, proposed that it should be done by an international undertaking. The Italian Government vetoed this plan, but began excavations under its own direction. At this time it was planned that such parts as could not be laid bare without destroying important buildings of Resina should be reached by tunneling and lighted by electricity. Then the war broke out and all work has been stopped until the present.

The principal public building hitherto discovered at Herculaneum is the beautiful marble theatre. It was peopled with fine marble and bronze statues, including six great equestrian statues of gilded bronze, on the highest tier.

Next in importance was the "basilica," or law court. There were many beautiful paintings in the niches, including a particularly fine one of Theseus standing over the slain Minotaur, now in the Naples Museum.

The Roman historian Strabo speaks of the healthfulness of Herculaneum and its attractions as a health resort for rich, great folk wearied with "the smoke and the wealth and the clatter of Rome."

The objects found at Herculaneum include surgical instruments, chiefly of bronze, but a few of silver, and glass cupping glasses. There are tickets for the theatre, dice, a saw, scissors and scales.

A curious feature of the decorations of the public buildings of Herculaneum is the prevalence of pictures and statues of the Centaur, that strange creature who was half horse and half man, and of the Amazons, those fearful women who, according to legend, fought more fiercely than men.

It is confidently expected that further explorations of Herculaneum, especially of its libraries, which are believed to contain the largest collection of classical manuscripts ever found, will reveal many interesting facts about the Centaurs and Amazons, whence they came and why the Greek artists and poets were constantly making use of them in sculpture, painting and literature. A manuscript found in the great Villa Suburbana sheds some new light on the fondness of the ancients for these queer beasts and women.

This manuscript is a kind of poetic fairy tale that describes how, at the beginning of things, the Centaurs taught the Greeks all their knowledge of the art and sciences. This legend was apparently an outgrowth of the intense Greek admiration for horses.

One of the most remarkable pictures found in Hieronymus' repository "Cheiron and Achilles." It is one of the paintings decorating the walls of the great basilica, or court house, of the city. Cheiron was the first and most famous of the Centaurs. He was the son of the god Saturn and Philyra, and was renowned for his skill in hunting, medicine, music and the art of preparing the most distinguished heroes of Grecian history, even among his pupils. The infant Aesculapius, who afterward became the first of physicians, was entrusted by his father, Apollo, to the care of Cheiron. Thus the Centaur was associated with the origin of medicine. He was also the duties of a tutor with wonderful success.

Eaten Out of Their Homes by Ants

Irrepressible Pest Spreading Throughout the United States Which Burrows Into the Foundations of Business Buildings, Private Homes, Schools and Churches, Devours Books, Shoes--Everything; Even Attacking Sleeping Children

"We were awakened in the night by a weak cry, and when the light was turned on we found the baby's face black with ants. They were in his nose, his ears and his mouth. Hurriedly we carried him to the bathtub and started to wash off the ants. It took nearly an hour and a half to get the last ant off the baby."

TWO hundred and fifty inhabitants of the town of Julian, Neb., are fighting a losing battle with a plague of insects, popularly known as African white ants, who gradually but surely are eating up the town and robbing the residents of their homes.

The United States Government has entered the fight on the side of the townspeople, and every five weeks a representative of the Department of Agriculture fumigates buildings in the town with cyanide gas, but that apparently only checks and fails to stop the ravages of the millions of insects.

How Julian is to be saved is a problem that is attracting the attention of scientists all over the country. In the meantime schools have been dismissed, church services suspended and every effort is being made to save the town.

The 250 inhabitants of Julian are handicapped in efforts to save their homes and institutions by the fact that the insects work only at night. Then, also, they eat the inside parts of framework and timbers of buildings, and their presence is not learned until those timbers become mere shells and parts of houses collapse. One resident did not know his house was being attacked until the piano fell through the floor.

The word ant is said to be a misnomer, the real name of the insects being termites—known to science as termites bellicosus and more or less found all over the world.

The termites so far have not attacked any persons or animals except rats and mice. Yet persons in Julian fear the pest after destroying buildings, will swarm in upon the residents of those buildings. In Africa, it is understood, the termites attack and kill animals, babies and children.

A year ago residents of Julian became aware of the seriousness of the presence of the termites. After waging a long battle against the millions and billions of the enemy, they sent to Washington a plea for help in exterminating them.

Government officials sent W. G. Gallagher, an expert on poisonous gases, to look over the situation. He tried various forms of gases, and finally concluded the only possible way to meet the emergency was to use cyanide gas fumes, the most deadly known to him. Mr. Gallagher has been holding out hope that he will win his battle with the pests, but within five weeks after use of the gas the termites appear again, often in greater numbers than before.

Mr. Gallagher started work in the \$30,000 brick schoolhouse, built six years ago. The termites had eaten away joists, window sills, banisters of the stairways and part of the floor, and were well on the way to weakening the second floor.

School was dismissed; carpenters were put to work repairing the floor, and then Mr. Gallagher brought on his poisonous gases. The building was made airtight and the fumes were shot through every part of the building. That was only a few weeks ago, and it is too early to determine whether the pests will attack the schoolhouse again.

The expert next attempted to save the United Brethren Church from the pests.



The \$30,000 Schoolhouse in Julian, Nebraska, Whole Floor, Beams, Stairs, Banisters and Joists Were Badly Damaged by Ants.

The termites had been eating their way through the walls and the floor of the church for two years. The church for two years discontinued because of danger of the floor collapsing under the weight of the audience.

A strange feature of the attack by the ants on the church was that the outward appearance of the building was not marred at all. The insects made their way into the interior of the timbers through cracks or holes so small as not to be visible to the ordinary observer. It was learned, however, that the main supports of the church were hollow shells. Carpenters have repaired the structure, and the Government agents hope to prevent further depredations there.

Almost every house in Julian has been infested with at least a few of the pests. In some they have appeared in millions. One of the worst afflicted homes is that of the Rev. Paul Riggs, pastor of the United Brethren Church. Rev. Riggs believes some of his parishioners unwittingly brought the termites to church and from there they were distributed to homes and places of business of members of the church.

The minister and others at first attempted to fight the pests with creosote, kerosene and other similar concoctions. But the termites appeared to flourish on those chemicals.

In the meantime it was found that one side of the public school garage had been so attacked and eaten that the outer boards had to be torn off. Arrangements are being made to rebuild part of the structure as soon as the Government men announce the termites in it are dead.

The worst attacks by the insects have been at night. Persons have searched their homes and established beliefs that they were not being assailed by the enemy, only to awaken during the night to find millions of them on hand. Many residents, after awakening and finding them on their beds in great numbers, are burning lights all night in their bedrooms to keep the pests away.

Al Marvin, grocer, was an interested watcher when carpenters recently tore away part of the home of Mrs. Tobias



A Book Destroyed by White Ants.



Enlarged Photograph of White Ants.

Kiplinger to repair ravages of the pests. He searched his own home and satisfied himself he and his family and house were safe.

That very night he was awakened by a dull buzzing noise and found thousands of the insects on his bed covers. Investigation revealed they had eaten away some of the understructure of the Marvin home. The termites were crawling in through a hole at a corner of the basement and had reduced one side of the house to a shell. In some places Mr. Marvin could put his fist into the holes which the termites had eaten in supporting timbers.

Charles W. Eppler was another who believed the termites had skipped his place. But one morning Mr. Eppler awoke and discovered the pests had eaten the floor supports from under his piano and it had crashed through the floor into the basement. They had attacked and eaten part of the piano.

The home of Glen Johnson, near Julian, was among the first seriously hit by the insects. They had been working in the walls of his home once a time before being discovered. The heart of the

wooden beams which support the house had been eaten away.

The Johnsons finally were compelled to abandon the house. They hope, if the Government experts are able to drive away the pests, to rebuild the house. If the termites continue their depredations, the house will be left to collapse.

The termites are able to make such headway because the damage they cause is not discovered until done. They confine their activities mostly to joists, rafters, sill and dinner timbers. The outer surface usually is unmarked.

Residents of Julian say a mixture of gasoline, kerosene and other petroleum products apparently help keep the pests away, but does little good after they have bored into interiors of timbers.

The termites live on wood, on books, and, in fact, anything fibrous. They resemble ants in physical appearance except that they are white, rather small and have large heads and strong jaws. After a certain age, usually about three months, they take on wings, which they keep for about three months. During this part of their lives they fly in swarms.

The queen lays 80,000 eggs a day. A



Rev. Paul Riggs Showing One of the Many Places That the Ants Had Eaten Out the Sides of His Church in Julian, Nebraska.

large portion of the first brood is undernourished and does not grow up. The insects of this brood are sexless. The workers feed the queen, who in turn feeds the millions of young from the contents of her own stomach.

The second brood constitutes a well-nourished group, and the third and best brood is made up of workers. Spring is the incubating time, and the pests now are leaving the parental nests in millions. One redeeming feature of the plague is that the pests do not invade kitchens. Food is left untouched in most instances. The termites seldom are seen about kitchen or dining tables, where the ordinary house ants so often annoy housewives.

Spread of the plague to other places recently has been reported. After high waters of the Missouri River had washed Nebraska debris down the Missouri River, residents of Kansas City, Mo., recently found the pests attacking homes.

Only a dozen families have reported to Kansas City authorities the presence of the termites, and city authorities have been making a desperate effort to prevent spread of the pests in that city.

O. C. Murphy, sanitation commissioner, has been co-operating with householders in fumigating houses infested. In Kansas City, as in Julian, it has been found that the insects bored their way into the interiors of heavy timbers and hollowed out the boards. In one or two Kansas City homes floors have sagged and repairs have been made necessary.

Early discovery of the pest in that city, it is believed, will prevent any great spread of the plague. In the meantime residents of Julian are looking forward to further aid by the Government in their efforts to save their town from eradication or further depredations.



The Sole of a Shoe Eaten by White Ants in a Building in New York City.

But the little Nebraska town is not the only sufferer in the United States from the pest of ravenous ants. Dr. T. E. Snyder, an entomologist in the United States Department of Agriculture, in a recent letter addressed to the Pacific Coast Building Officials Conference, said:

"Throughout the United States, native termites or white ants are beginning to cause serious damage to the foundations and woodwork of buildings. The damage is usually caused by improper construction. One of the simplest and most effective methods of prevention of termite attack is to slightly modify city building regulations or codes."

It was revealed that not only the native white ants, but the Argentine black ants, are spreading more or less all over the United States. A high percentage of frame buildings in New Orleans, a good many business buildings in Southern California, and here and there throughout the Southern, Central and Southeastern States, the pests are beginning to do damage. It was found that a Government building in Washington, D. C., had had its foundation completely demolished by the little creatures. In one of the Government departments, the ants had also eaten into packages of revenue stamps, damaged correspondence and eaten books stored in a building in Virginia. They had infested a box of coarse yarn in Greenville, S. C.; had damaged the cotton jacket of a copper lined fire hose in Missouri, and had done various kinds of damage in Florida. In Hawaii, the depredations of the white ants made it necessary to modify the building code.

Even human beings, and especially infants are attacked. Some time ago a citizen of Augusta, Georgia, made this report about what happened to his four-week-old baby when the black Argentine ants got into his house:

"We were awakened in the night by a weak cry, and when the light was turned on we found the baby's face black with ants. They were in his nose, his ears and his mouth. Hurriedly we carried him to the bathtub and started to wash off the ants. It took nearly an hour and a half to get the last ant off the baby."

Most of the damage to buildings is done by a species of white ant which lives in the ground and works upward through timbers or woodwork connected with the earth. This creature must have moisture. Dr. Snyder's recommendation is that the building rules in infested neighborhoods should forbid any woodwork of a building to touch the ground, unless it has been treated with some coal tar or poisonous infusion which will keep the ants from boring into it.

Gayest of Frocks — Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Kotex permits women complete freedom of action, mental relief, all of the time. No more are there fears and worries, no longer may one do this, and not do that. Kotex is a blessing for which modern medical science is largely responsible. It brings immaculacy, poise . . . and confidence and security under even the most trying circumstances.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② True protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted

Kotex. Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



Mothers today who instruct their growing daughters in the use of Kotex simplify life's problems for them. Doctors and nurses widely urge its use instead of the complicated and difficult methods of yesterday.



"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

KOTEX
REGULAR
65c per dozen

KOTEX-
SUPER
90c per dozen

Supplied also through vending
cabinets in rest-rooms by
West Disinfecting Co.

Wealth and Romantic Adventures Br

Mrs. Catherine Stuart, Who Married an Indian Prince, Then Became the Favorite Wife in a Turkish Harem and Next Married a Wealthy Spaniard, Explains Why Defiance of the Rules of Conventional Society Brings Dis



Mlle. Renee, Who Supplanted Mrs. Stuart in Viscount de Beaumont's Affections.

By Catherine Stuart
CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

LAST week I related how, in all my romantic life, only one man managed to take me entirely against my will, and that was Mirza Ali Bahadur, a younger son of the Maharajah of Chattrapur, a potentate of immense wealth. This handsome young Indian rascal slipped something into my coffee on my own yacht, the "Lotus Flower."

When I recovered my senses, I was so thoroughly compromised that there seemed nothing to do but marry him, which I did at once. It was a mistake. White society in India might possibly have forgiven what had happened to me against my will but deliberate marriage with a native made me an outcast, forever. The only thing left was flight to Paris, the haven of the exile and the outcast, where color, creed and past count for nothing and one is rated strictly according to rank and bank account.

This was the first installment of the price I was to pay for living the free, untrammelled life which most women at times yearn to live. Here I was at the age of 21, the wife of a man of different race and color. He was indeed rich enough to suit almost anyone but that mattered little to me because my father had left me the equivalent of a million and a half dollars. Could I learn to love this different sort of being who had captured me by trickery and had I lost or gained in freedom?

Both these questions arose unpleasantly that first night at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay where we awaited the P. & O. liner. I have previously had some stress on the fact that in one way or another, love of power is at the bottom of most of woman's strivings and follies, though they do not always know it. My husband had spent many hours telling me the power that would be mine when I returned to Chattrapur as the daughter-in-law of the Maharajah. I would have servants innumerable, slaves, the power to beat and torture those who crossed me and even to have them killed, so long as it was done discreetly enough not to attract the attention of the meddling English.

This was not the kind of power I desired. I wanted to lord it over people of my own race and see jealous defeat in the eyes of white women. My husband was still on this subject as we dined that first evening at the hotel. In the midst of it, I felt a brutal kick under the table which caused a run in my stocking and almost broke my shin.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked, looking at my husband whose dark eyes were blazing with anger.

"You were deliberately flirting with that man over there," replied my husband, jerking his head towards a rather good looking young British officer who was dining alone.

"Don't talk nonsense," I replied, "if you don't apologize at once, I shall leave the table."

Mirza refused to apologize, so I rose and walked out of the restaurant, with him following

close at my heels. In the seclusion of our suite I faced him.

"You tricked me into this marriage and now," I said, "you intend to make my life unbearable."

"You are playing with me," shouted Mirza. "You've had your own way all your life, but now you are a wife, and you will bow to my will. It is my wish to allow you freedom and power, as much as I find you deserve. But remember, everything you do is by my permission, and if you ever offend as you did to-night I will withdraw it."

So this was my power, my "freedom," something with a string to it, something to be snatched away at my master's will. Had I been the least in love, this would have shocked me into the regulation honeymoon tears, he would have apologized, taken me in his arms and squared things with kisses and jewels. Instead of weeping, I looked him over with a mean smile and said:

"No man ever dominated over me and if one ever does he can never be one of your kind. Are you crazy? Do you realize that you are talking to an Englishwoman?"

That was a deadly thing to say. I had thrown in his face the superiority of race by which a handful of Anglo-Saxons hold in subjection India's uncounted millions. That handful had disowned me, but I still had their blood and tradition which is always to face the first revolt and put it down, no matter what the odds may be.

He leaped from his chair and flew at me. If ever I saw murder in anyone's face I saw it then. But I was ready with the only weapon I had, the cold, stern face that the Englishman always presents to the Indian rebel. He seized me by the throat, but I kept my eyes on him. He shut off my breath for a moment but it was on his face not mine that fear first showed and he let me go, almost running from the room.

I arose from that encounter a victor but victories are not decisive unless followed up vigorously.

I rang for my maid and having thrown on a dance frock determined to spend my evening alone, just to clinch my independence. When I returned long after midnight, having actually danced with the man who had been the cause of all the trouble, I found my husband a changed man. Humbly he craved my forgiveness. Coldly I surveyed him, and then, opening my bedroom door wide, wished him—good-night!

For a moment he stood irresolute in the middle of the room, then, with bowed head he walked slowly out. We met next day at breakfast and I saw at once that I was master. By a show of resolution I had cured my husband of his hope to dominate over me. So I thought then; later, I discovered that I had only damped the volcano of his jealous wrath.

That honeymoon with my Indian husband was a nightmare. It makes me shudder to look back on it. I have since spent other honeymoons and I must confess that my first was by far the most harrowing and unproductive. I looked forward eagerly to the date

I HAVE had almost everything the world can offer in the way of yachts, jewels, wealth and power, as well as romantic adventures. I have been the wife of an Indian prince, the favorite wife in a Turkish harem, the wife of a wealthy Spaniard and of an Englishman. In short, I have lived the kind of life that I know many young women, even of high principle, at times yearn to live.

I attempted to escape from the gray life of conventional society and seek the new "freedom" which the modern young woman has about. My wretched experiences and the inevitable consequences of my folly in myself from the wholesome social rules which can successfully defy.

on which we were to sail for Europe on the P. & O. liner "Morea."

Eventually the day came and I could not suppress a thrill of expectation as the white houses of Bombay faded out of sight and we made the open sea. India had exhausted all its pleasures and thrills for me, and I was eagerly looking forward to plunging into the pleasure circles of the various European capitals we had planned to visit.

Mirza, my husband, had taken stoically my utter lack of affection for him. He did not come up to my ideals of a lover by any means, and his color continually reminded me of the social suicide of my marriage. He left me quite to myself during the voyage, and joined a clique of his own fellow Indians on their way to the Riviera for the season. I, myself, joined a coterie of young spirits on board, and was soon the ring-leader of many escapades, the onslaught upon one of the officers in his own bunk and the parading of him on the shoulders of half a dozen girls round the deck in his pajamas being but one of them!

Among those on board was the Grand-Duke Nicholas of Russia—he who figured as such a tragic figure during the revolution. Tall upright, soldierly he was greatly feted by the women folk. I got rather a yearning for him myself, but I cannot say he reciprocated my feelings!

Instead a very pretty little Frenchwoman named Suzanne Dupont fell under his notice, and was generally his companion during his moonlight promenades on deck. I found them one night sentimentally engaged under a tropic moon, and was indiscreet enough to make an over loud remark to my companion. At once the Frenchwoman sprang towards me and grasping me by the throat pushed me against the ship's rail. In another minute I would have been overboard had not the Grand Duke and my escort pulled the vixen back.

When she left the "Morea" at Marseilles with us I noticed that she wore a magnificent rope of pearls. Undoubtedly the gift of the Grand Ducal admirer—who left her to continue his journey back to the Czars' Court at St. Petersburg.

As for myself during the voyage I transferred my flirtatious moments to the chief wireless operator, a mere boy who, I am afraid, took our "friendship" as more than a mere shipboard flirtation. My husband caught me with my brass-buttoned lover on the boat-deck one evening, and threatened to go to the captain and report my companion. Had I not threatened to jump that very moment over the side into the sea I believe he would have carried out his threat.

Now, Mirza, I am sure, would have liked nothing better than to have thrown me overboard himself, but he did not dare. If I had done it myself, he would have had nothing to fear in the way of punishment but I knew he dreaded something else, the mockery of his own fellow Indians. He was the first of his kind to marry a woman of my social importance and he was therefore an object of envy to all his race. If his white wife of whom he boasted so much committed suicide on the honeymoon, he would never hear the end of it. To save his face he yielded. But I could see that love was changing to vengeful hate. There would be one more battle.

We left the "Morea" at Marseilles, and immediately took the train de luxe for Paris.

Paris! The city of my dreams, the city of many women's dreams. After Calcutta and Bombay it was wonderful. Paris more wonderful than any other city in the world! Even our hotel in the Place Vendôme, the Ritz, was more wonderful than any other Ritz in the world.

A few nights after our arrival in Paris Mirza received an invitation for us to attend a ball at the

French Foreign Office on the Quai D'Orsay. It was to be a glorious function and I eagerly looked forward to it.

For the occasion I made my husband buy me a collar of diamonds which had taken my fancy in a jeweler's window in the Rue de la Paix!

The Quai D'Orsay was lined with cars when we arrived, and powdered flunkies ushered us up the steps into the reception hall where the French Foreign Minister, covered with decorations, and his wife, resplendent in diamonds and wearing a coronet, received us, sponsored as we were, by the British Ambassador to Paris. My husband was thus honored because of his father who was quite an important personage in India.

Having paid our respects to His Excellency we passed into the ball room, and I soon managed to lose Mirza, who was claimed by the Maharajah of Patiala, who was in Paris. Left alone, I wandered round watching the glittering throng.

Suddenly I saw a young man looking at me. He was in immaculate evening dress and wore a single decoration, that of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. As my eyes met his he bowed slightly, and as I flashed him a discreet smile he came over to me.

"May I have the honor of this dance?" he said in good English with a strong French accent.

"Whom may I have the pleasure—?" I queried.

"Monsieur Le Vicomte Raoul De Beaumont," replied the good-looking young Frenchman.

The real thing in French Viscounts, I thought—this promised to be interesting. He placed his arm gently round me and we moved off into a dreamy waltz. While we danced my partner looked continually into my face and as I raised my eyes to his I felt a strange thrill run down my spine. I cursed myself for a fool, but this good-looking young French nobleman had made a strange impression on me, besides he danced as no one I had ever met before.

We sat out the next dance and it was then that I learned that my partner was an official in the French Foreign Office in the Quai D'Orsay, and was very rich. Engrossed in exchanging information about each other we failed to notice the approach of my husband. With a bow to the Viscount he took my arm, and as he led me away I knew that he was one again in one of his fiendish tempers, for he pinched my arm until I nearly cried out with the pain.

Back in our suite at the Ritz came another scene during which Mirza threw a chair at me which smashed one of the windows of my bedroom. It was only a gesture, he did not dare try to hit me with it. Next morning my Viscount rang up and asked me to lunch with him at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs, in the Champs Elysees. Looking defiantly toward the closed door of my husband's bedroom I agreed, and a couple of hours later saw me sitting tête-à-tête with my new conquest.

During that meal I made the discovery which so many English and American women make to their delight and sometimes undoing—that the high-class Frenchman is the quickest and most skilled lover-maker in the world. The reason is that it is part of his education. The time the English and American boy give to cricket and baseball, the French lad devotes to mastering the technique of woman-baiting. The American, in telling of his love, usually means about what he says, the Englishman understates it, but the gallant Frenchman throws the whole world at your feet and doesn't mean a thing.

Madly the Viscount made love to me and madly I responded, and why not? The thing that every woman dreams of, reads novels and sees plays for, had at last come to pass. A most incredibly perfect lover, rich, handsome, noble and everything—else one's heart could desire had fallen in love with me at first sight. I was his first real love and the only one there ever would be in his life. He was my adoring slave. The intoxicating sense of power stole over me. It seemed too good to be true. In fact it was not true.

Eventually I agreed to leave my "brute of a husband" and elope with him to Italy. In two hours we were to meet at the station—the Gare de Lyon, if he could live without me that long.



Snapshot of Mrs. Stuart at Deauville.

Bought Her Only Misery

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The Grounds of the Deauville Casino, Where the Fistic Duel Took Place.

Hurrying back to the Ritz, I told my maid to pack and get my things secretly to the Paris railroad terminus. Eventually, having dressed for travelling, and putting a heavy veil on, I telephoned down for a taxi. Then, descending quietly by the elevator, I crossed the vestibule, ran down the steps and jumped into the waiting cab. Then I had the shock of my life!

Mirza, my husband, was sitting in the cab, regarding me with a strange smile. He enjoyed my paralysis as I stood gaping at him as if at a ghost, then he calmly drew me in. Not a word was said as we drove to the station and my husband courteously helped me out and into a compartment of the train. I could not resist asking where we were going.

"Why, to Deauville, of course. My darling, didn't you know that?" he replied with a gloating confidence that frightened me. He was being tricky again and so was I and at that game he could beat me. But his confidence turned to fury and my heart leaped when, on our way to the dining car, we both saw the Viscount calmly smoking. Mirza almost had a stroke when the Viscount's taxi delivered him at the same hotel as ours—the delightful Hotel Normandy—and at the same moment. Nothing was said. The Frenchman did not even look at me.

Our suite was on the first floor and I had just hanged for dinner and was looking out to sea from the balcony outside my bedroom window when something tapped me in the face.

Looking up I saw that it was a rolled up piece of paper suspended from a piece of string. Eagerly I clutched it and on opening it read "Meet you outside Casino 11 o'clock, Raoul."

Running to the writing desk in my room I scrawled "Shall be there, Love, Catherine" and attached it to the piece of string, saw it disappear up to the suite the Viscount apparently had above me.

During dinner I noticed that my husband drank wine, an unusual thing for him to do, and ignored me almost rudely. After dinner I suggested a visit to the Casino. Mirza replied shortly "No, we go to bed."

Much to my surprise I made no protest but meekly preceded him to our suite. I should have made a fuss because a jealous husband is always suspicious when his wife agrees to anything too readily. Hardly had I heard him close his bedroom door, however, before I was out on my balcony measuring the distance to the ground. To my joy I discovered that an ornamental latticed trellis was quite near, down which I could quite easily get to the ground. Wrapping a fur-cape round me I switched out the lights in my room, and descending to the hotel garden, made my way to the road, hailed a passing taxi and drove to the Casino. I looked behind and thought I made sure that nobody followed.

"Blessed Angel!" murmured Raoul, who was waiting for me. "My life begins right here. I now know why I was born."

He led me to a secluded seat on the terrace where I yielded to my first real love. Suddenly he released me and sprang to his feet. There facing us stood the man I thought was asleep in his room. With that strange smile I had seen when I found him in my taxi, my husband slowly advanced, his hands behind his back. I wondered if a dagger or pistol would flash and if this was to be the end for both of us.

Suddenly his right fist flew out, striking Raoul a wicked blow on the chin. The Viscount staggered back several paces, almost fell, shook his head to clear it of dizziness then came back with a left to the Indian's jaw. Down went the son of the Maharajah, and he lay down, groaning.

Quickly a crowd of people in evening dress rushed from the gambling rooms on to the terrace. Grabbing me by the arm Raoul led me away

The Hotel Normandy, in Deauville, from Which Mrs. Stuart Escaped Down the Trellis.

quietly, hailed a taxi and drove back with me to the Normandy Hotel.

I had finished with Mirza. I determined, and eagerly agreed to accompany my lover to Paris on a train leaving at midnight. As I passed through the vestibule in the wake of my baggage my husband passed close by me. I raised my head in the air, but it was unnecessary, as he cut me dead, and passed to his suite.

As the Deauville to Paris express bore us to the Gay City I must confess that I was almost delirious with happiness. I thought I had found real love at last. My lover, in the seclusion of our reserved sleeper, outlined to me what he said would be our future together.

Of course, Mirza would at once sue for divorce, which he would get easily enough in the Paris courts. After that, Raoul, murmured fondly, we would be married and live a blissful turtle-dove like existence in his beautiful chateau in Provence. Fool that I was to believe him, but I have already said that all women are fools, until they learn which some never do.

Patched it out next morning we arrived in Paris and I at once took a suite of rooms at the Hotel Edward VII, Raoul returning to his apartment near the Champs Elysees.

The following days were full of romantic interest. Raoul could not have been more devoted or affectionate. In fact, his Latin impulsiveness fairly swept me off my feet. Only on one occasion did we quarrel, and that was one night during a visit to Montmartre.

We had been to the "Moulin Rouge" and afterwards Raoul took me to a quaint Russian cafe where there was supposed to be a cabaret which was the rage of Paris. We had hardly settled ourselves at a table and ordered champagne—the only wine drunk in such places—when a Spanish looking woman in a dress which left very little to the imagination crossed over, and looking me up and down with contempt, greeted Raoul in a manner there was no mistaking. She was, I discovered, Raoul's discarded sweetheart; discarded in my favor!

Roughly Raoul pushed her away. Suddenly in fury she upset the table and struck me viciously in the face. Before I could retaliate, however, Raoul grasped my arm and hurried me out and into his waiting car. You must expect these things if you live the grand, free life which is really a free fight.

One day, as I had expected, a notice was served on me that Mirza intended to sue for divorce in the French Courts, citing Monsieur le Vicomte Raoul as co-respondent. The Court was crowded when the case came up for hearing, and Raoul, in careful morning dress, instead of appearing in a somewhat despicable light, was the hero of the hour. That is the way the guilty man in a domestic triangle is rewarded in Paris. Mirza got his decree, without any difficulty, having married me in a Christian Church, and I knew that in a few months, when it became absolute, I should be free to marry my darling Raoul. In the meantime we shared his apartment in the Rue de Miromesnil.

But the path of true love never did run smooth. My late husband had returned, I believe, a broken-hearted man to India, but before he went he sent me, through his solicitor, \$100,000, which I, at first, re-



The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.

and drove to the Deauville Casino. I looked behind and thought I made sure that nobody followed.

"Blessed Angel," murmured Raoul, who was waiting for me. "My life begins right here. I now know why I was born!"

sued to take. Later, however, prompted by Raoul, I eventually swallowed my pride and accepted the money.

For about six weeks my lover and I enjoyed to the full all the delights of Paris. With Raoul as my cicerone I certainly saw all there was to be seen. One day, however, Raoul confessed to me that instead of being the wealthy man he had led me to believe, he was, in fact, dependent on what he could squeeze out of his close-fisted mother, whom I had not yet met, and who probably was unaware of my

existence. Since no publicity attaches to a French divorce, she had probably had not heard that her son had figured so intimately in my cause celebre. I was then very much in love with Raoul, and at once opened my own purse for him. However, his demands became more and more extortionate. I soon discovered that he was an inveterate gambler and one of the best-known habitués at the Cercle Haussmann, which is, of course, Paris' biggest.



Portrait d'une femme élégante

She adores all exquisite thing . . . clothes fastidiously chosen . . . jewels worn "like stars on the fingers of night" . . . toilettries that express the brilliance—enhance the allure—of her own vivid self. She finds a challenge irresistible, an essence keyed to her own singing days, in the magic allure of Parfum Djer-Kiss. This precious *odeur*—created by M. Kerkoff of Paris—is obtainable in face powder, rouge, talcum powder, sachet, bath crystals, and eau de toilette. You have choice of a variety of Djer-Kiss single—and double—"Vanities", too, in which to carry without spilling the very same loose powder you use at home!

Djer-Kiss
MADE IN PARIS



Bloodthirsty—and Thirsty!

How they crave rootbeer from Hires Household Extract!

FIFTEEN lads at the old ice-chest — Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rootbeer!"

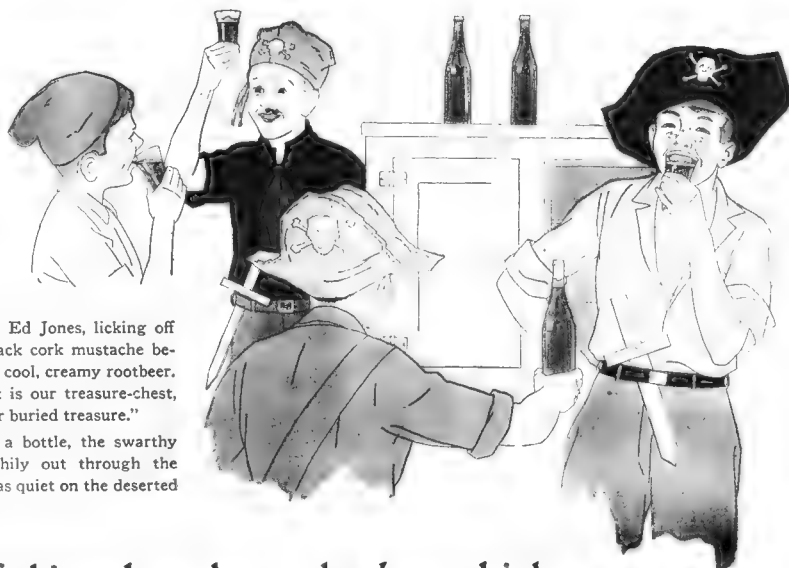
"Hark forward — and away, Braves!" shouted fourteen-year-old buccaneer Bill Rogers, leading the raid on mother's ice-box.

Permission had been granted from the top of the basement stairs, and now the charge was on. There were paper pirate hats, skulls, cross-bones, and wooden swords stuck in little leather belts. A dangerous, "despirt" band.

"'Tis handsome swag, me lads," sang out

swash-buckling pirate Ed Jones, licking off part of his vicious black cork mustache between swallows of the cool, creamy rootbeer. "Mrs. Rogers' ice-box is our treasure-chest, and her rootbeer is our buried treasure."

And each hugging a bottle, the swarthy crew wriggled stealthily out through the cellar window. All was quiet on the deserted coast—till next time.



Good old-fashioned rootbeer—the home drink

*You can make it yourself, easily and inexpensively,
from Hires Household Extract*

"IT'S home-made!" That's pretty generally considered the highest possible praise. And when you hear how enthusiastically all the members of your family praise the rootbeer you prepare from Hires Household Extract, you certainly will be proud to tell them that you made it yourself.

They will demand that you keep a bottle on ice at all times, ready to serve whenever they want it. And you'll be glad to oblige, for rootbeer from Hires Household Extract is easy to make—plain, simple directions which you can follow without any fuss or trouble.

A drink as wholesome as outdoors

The reason for its goodness, for its purity, is that it is entirely a *natural* drink. From deep woods, from sunny fields, from mountain, valley and glen come Nature's own ingredients—herbs, barks, roots, berries—that enter into the making of Hires Household Extract. And remember this—there is not one artificial element—no coloring or flavoring

that is not the work of Nature alone.

You can let the youngsters drink all they want. They love home-made rootbeer—and it's good for them. It's ideal refreshment for children's parties.

Costs less than 1c a glass

From one 30c package of Hires Household Extract you can make 80 glasses—

5 gallons—of perfect rootbeer! The most economical drink you can serve, as well as the most delicious. There were 30 million gallons of rootbeer made from Hires Household Extract last year.

Get a package of this famous preparation at your dealer's. Get acquainted with this tangy, satisfying thirst-quencher. Full directions with every package. The Charles E. Hires Company, 208 S. 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Shall we send you a bottle of Hires Household Extract?

In case your dealer does not carry Hires Household Extract, we will be glad to send you one bottle—enough to make 80 glasses of rootbeer—for 30c (35c in Canada).

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The Charles E. Hires Company,
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Please send a bottle of Hires Household Extract and the new, free recipe book. I enclose 30c (35c in Canada) to pay for the extract.

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Here is a new and rapidly growing use for Hires Household Extract. Women everywhere are writing to tell us how good this famous extract is for flavoring puddings, cake icings, gelatines and other desserts.

We would appreciate hearing how you like it used this way. We would be glad also to have you send us your favorite recipe.

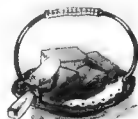


There is an interesting radio program given every Monday evening by The Charles E. Hires Company. Tune in on WEAF New York, WEEI Boston, WLIT Philadelphia, WRC Washington, WCAC Pittsburgh, WGR Buffalo, WSAT Cincinnati, WWJ Detroit, WTAM Cleveland, WCCO Minneapolis-St. Paul, KSD St. Louis, for a delightful radio half-hour.

ROOTBEER CAKE: Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. rootbeer extract. Add 2 eggs unbeaten. Beat mixture until light. Sift $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 tsp. baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cinnamon and add to mixture alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts or dates. Bake in layers and spread with a butter icing.



ROOTBEER GELATINE: Pour 3 cups boiling water over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Add 1 teaspoon rootbeer extract and 1 inch stick cinnamon. Boil five minutes. Soften 2 table-spoons gelatine in cold water. Stir into boiling water and pour into wet mold. Set away to harden.



Hires Household Extract—for making delicious rootbeers at home, easily and inexpensively, and for use as a tasty flavoring in cooking. This is the familiar package seen in thousands of homes throughout the country. Always keep an extra package on your kitchen shelf.

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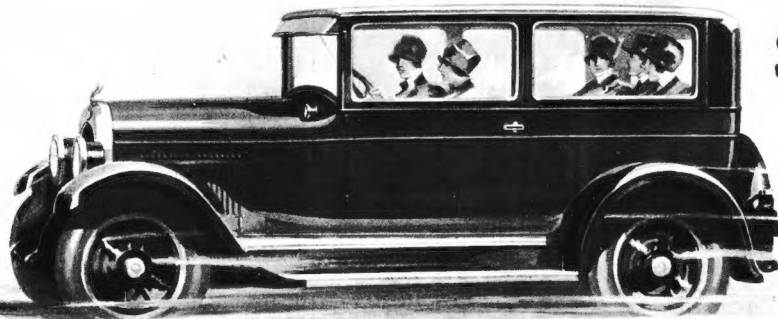
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AND UPWARD
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50 miles and more
an hour;
5 to 25 miles in
8 seconds;
25 miles to the gallon;
Full-sized, with ample
seating capacity for
adult passengers;
Mohair
plush upholstery

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Nowhere else can you obtain the same degree of performance, luxury and comfort that you can buy for \$750 in the Chrysler "50".

In no other car in its price field can you obtain 50-mile-an-hour-and-more speed capacity with such smoothness;

Acceleration that whisks you from 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds;

Economy of 25 miles to the gallon;

A handling ease totally unlike any previous experience;

Truly full-sized comfort with ample capacity for all passengers;

The luxury of mohair plush upholstery;

The distinctive smartness and beauty of body line

and coloring that only Chrysler achieves in the entire industry;

Combined with the durability and long life that are assured by the engineering genius and the precision manufacturing embraced in the Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality.

You owe it to yourself to see the "50".

Ride in it—not merely a perfunctory demonstration, but a real test, you to select the route and do the driving, if you wish.

Then and only then will you be able to appreciate to the utmost just how vastly superior is the Chrysler "50" over any car approximating it in price.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to give you the opportunity to see and drive the "50" at your convenience.

CHRYSLER

"50"

CHRYSLER • MODEL • NUMBERS

Coupe \$750; Coach \$780; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$795; Sedan, \$830, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

C. E. FAY COMPANY

730 Commonwealth Avenue Telephone Aspinwall 4500

Chrysler Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere—Buy From Your Nearest Dealer



THEY GAVE US THE STARTLING TRUTH

*The entire dental profession agrees that you must guard
The Danger Line from acids & endanger health and beauty*

SO FREQUENTLY women lose charm because of trouble with their teeth! And not only the charm of a gleaming, attractive smile . . . for today everyone knows that the radiant allure of health itself has no more treacherous enemy than tooth decay and gum infections.

And all too often these ills result not from neglect, but from erroneous methods. For almost everywhere there is confusion as to what really constitutes proper oral hygiene. Dozens of conflicting theories are advanced! Countless dentifrices are offered for sale. No wonder many people become bewildered.

Through an impartial institution of the highest character, E. R. Squibb & Sons caused an investigation to be made to what is the greatest danger that threatens our teeth and gums and what is the best known safeguard.

50,000 practicing dentists were asked to answer these questions. And these authorities on the subject, who are the only existing ones, expressed the following opinions:

1. 95% of the dentists we received agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

2. 95% of the dentists state that decay occurring at The Danger Line—the line where teeth and gums meet—and at that part of The Danger Line between the teeth and gums is the most serious and most difficult to control.

3. 95% of the dentists state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to counteract the acids in your mouth. It reaches all those tiny remote

pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, reducing the peril of gum infections, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system. Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit to injure the delicate gum tissues at The Danger Line.

Heed the warning issued by the entire dental profession. To guard health and beauty, protect your teeth. Use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, and see your dentist twice a year. Then you will be fully protected. Squibb's Dental Cream is pleasant. It is safe—even for children. It cleans beautifully. It relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums. It preserves that most precious of all human birthrights—health. E. R. Squibb & Sons, Manufacturing Chemists to the Profession since 1858. © 1917

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER